



Lip Reading Made Easy

*A series of twenty-four lessons for the use of the
deaf and hard of hearing in home and school:
with short essays upon related subjects
intended to assist all persons with
impaired hearing*

By

BELLE HAMMOND TURNER

Member of The Speech-Reading Club of Philadelphia, Pa.
Member of the Speech Readers' Guild of Boston, and of the
Newton Lip Readers' Club of Auburndale,
Massachusetts



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TO
MARTHA E. BRUHN
AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION
AND AFFECTION

I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red ;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair ;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

R. W. EMERSON.

PREFACE

Lip reading is a real tax upon the mind. This cannot be denied. But just think what we are trying to do! We are trying to learn to read all the words in the English language, and not only that, but we are trying to learn to read them as they are spoken in different ways by all the different pairs of lips in the world. Although some individuals undoubtedly learn more readily than others, lip reading is always difficult and exasperating, and a great deal of patience and perseverance is required. The eyes weary and the whole body rebels. For this reason, it is wise to make the first lessons as simple and interesting as possible and to make everything relaxed and unrestrained. Public school methods should be avoided. The adult deaf are willing to be taught, pitifully so sometimes, and we may allow a freedom with them which might be impossible with a child.

A good light which reaches the lips of both pupil and instructor is the first essential; it should not be an overhead light and should be daylight if possible. A stiff and uncomfortable position should be avoided. As the best distance for sight varies in different people, the seating arrangements should be movable and adjustable. A very good way when teaching one pupil alone is to use two small wicker rockers (with arms). These chairs should be placed side by side, but facing in opposite directions, making what is called an "S" chair. This will be found a perfect arrangement, especially as in speaking to each other the face may be a little turned away, in a very usual position.

We are seldom able to talk with people directly facing us; they move their heads more or less with every word they speak, and we have to learn to catch their meaning as best we may. Given then a good clear light, comfortable chairs, a willing pupil, a good instructor and a good practice book, all that is needed further, is application.

This book is not intended to take the place of teachers. A good teacher is always to be sought if possible in every case. When we study the piano or a foreign language we visit the teacher once a week or twice a week but we do a great deal of studying during the week at home. We spend an hour or two hours or perhaps longer each day working at what the teacher has explained to us and in that way we learn. We should do the same with lip reading and this little book will supply a want for "something to practice on" which has often been expressed.

Where the student is alone, this book will be found useful in a high degree, for these exercises are so simply arranged that any ordinary reader may be the assistant; all that is necessary is a person who speaks distinctly without pouting the lips, and who is willing to go over and over the whole book with you. If an assistant is not to be found, a great deal may be accomplished by the use of a hand mirror. The mirror should be placed upon a window sill allowing the light to come full in the face. A triplicate mirror gives the lips in profile and is interesting, or perhaps a corner arrangement might be used.

Any way of practicing is better than not to practice at all, and the eyes will gradually begin to learn to see the lip movements. It is very important to take up the work regularly and methodically, to have a regular time for the practice and to allow nothing to interfere. Let the skies fall, but do not omit that practice—that hour of steady work every day. Do you really wish to learn? Do you realize that it is the most important thing in your whole life? Do you know that lip reading is a blessing sent straight from Heaven to make life endurable for deafened adults? Then take this little book and master it, work—study—learn, and your friends will reward you by their appreciation and gratitude.

B. H. T.

INSTRUCTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

In arranging these practice sentences it has been considered wise to begin with the four sounds of the vowel A, placing them in connection with different consonants in order to use familiar words. The sounds of A as usually classified are,—

A as in ale

A as in all

A as in arm

A as in ask

Many words also which are spelled with O have a sound exactly like A and therefore have been included here.

Upon studying the English alphabet, with its five vowels and twenty-one consonants, we find that the vowels have many different sounds, while the consonants do not vary; fortunate it is for the lip reader that this is true, for it makes the study of the language a simpler matter. Once learned, these letters will always be the same wherever found.

There is one advantage in learning to read language by the use of the eyes in the fact that a number of the consonants are homonyms and while sounding very different to the ear, appear to the eye to be exactly the same. With these letters, the lips move in the same way, and therefore when one letter is learned the others are mastered.

The principal homonyms, otherwise called homophones, in the English alphabet are the letters (M, B, and P) also (D, T, and N). Others are (K, hard C and hard G), also (F and V) (J and soft G) and (S, soft C and Z).

Eliminating these six groups from the whole alphabet it will be found that there are only three consonants which actually stand alone and do not resemble any other letters. These are the letters H, L, and R. The letters Q and W are usually combined with other letters; Y sometimes being used as a vowel.

To say that the letters M, B, and P are related seems absurd

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when we pronounce the names of these letters, as *em*, *bee*, and *pea*, but when we sound them phonetically and study our own lips with a mirror we see that the same muscles are used, the lower lip is brought up to the upper one and the two lips are pressed closely together, as we say M-m-m, B-b-b, and P-p-p. The only difference is in the amount of breath which is blown out between the lips: this may be distinguished by placing the palm of the hand in front of the mouth when pronouncing these sounds. There is also a stronger movement of the diaphragm in B and in P than in M which will be noticed upon placing the hand at the waist line.

The word homophonous which is often used in the study of lip reading is derived from two Greek words—the homo meaning *alike* as in the long word homogeneous, and the word phone, meaning *sound*. This word phone is often found in the modern words like phonograph, telephone, etc., and is the same in both English and foreign languages. This word is sometimes spelled *homophenous*, which gives it an entirely different derivation and a different pronunciation.

The short words which are found at the beginning of some of the lessons are intended to call attention to the phonetic sounds which are to be used in the exercise. They should be practiced with a hearing person for they are so much alike that a teacher who could not hear would easily misunderstand them. They are not to be dwelt on, but are to lead immediately to the sentences. The sentences contain all these sounds and give the desired practice. Remember that the important point is not to understand what these sentences mean, but to be able to recognize the words when you see them on the lips of other people and in other connections. Try not to commit the sentences to memory but have your reader skip about in the lessons after going through them carefully. Sometimes it is wise not to use the voice when practicing alone but to practice with an emphatic whisper; however, if a teacher or reader is

available be sure to have her use her voice, always avoiding over-enunciation.

Do not work on one thing too long at a time, and try to vary the practice. These sentences are arranged to be suggestive of conversation; the little poem, bringing in the desired study word, or the comical story will sometimes relieve the tension and prove a blessing. We are exceedingly susceptible to humor and pathos, and whatever is read by the lips seems to make an indelible impression. The mind makes photographs unconsciously. It is as if we were forming a collection of precious stones or a long string of beads; each word learned, each phrase mastered gives us a better vocabulary and makes us better fitted to face the world.

HOW TO USE THE PRACTICE SENTENCES

Much of this practice work is in the form of detached phrases which often occur in daily life; they have no sequence, therefore should not be studied in any special order, but each phrase by itself.

With a beginner it will be impossible to cover a whole section in an hour's lesson. Sometimes not more than a dozen of these sentences can be learned in that time. With a pupil very hard of hearing and where a hearing tube is not available, it is better to write out the sentence and then read it to the student slowly, speaking each word clearly. Tell him what you are going to say and then say it slowly, and have him repeat it after you, watching your lips closely. Pass him a small mirror also, and have him say the sentence, studying his own lips. Although these lessons are divided in sections of twenty-four lessons, material will be found in each part for at least three ordinary lessons. This will depend upon the proficiency of the student; but it is not advisable to leave any work until it has been well studied and thoroughly reviewed. When these lessons are used in class, the number of pupils should be limited to five, in order to do satisfactory work. A table about three feet square will be found convenient; the pupils arranged so that all face the teacher. With this arrangement the teacher is able to watch the lips of each one, and as she turns from one to the other, her face is in a most natural position at all times. The pupils should revolve around the teacher, in order to give each the advantage of studying the lips in full face, half profile, and profile. At times, the teacher should rise from her chair and, walking back and forth, repeat the sentences which are being studied; her position should always be a little above the pupil, but not so much as to weary the

eyes from looking up. Avoid above all things having the pupils ranged in a long straight line, for in such a case the ones seated at the ends will be at a great disadvantage. If the class is larger than five, arrange them in the same way, as nearly in front of the teacher as possible, but always avoiding placing any of them too far at the sides.

After carefully seating each pupil and adjusting the light so that it falls upon the lips of the teacher, the sentences are given, one at a time, to the whole class. The teacher will at once observe that *one* has read it, perhaps *two*, but the others have not. She gives it again and perhaps two more have it, and the four are repeating it to themselves. She then calls upon one of these to repeat it for the class. In this way the sentence is given by a different pair of lips and probably by that time all will have it.

The teacher then repeats the sentence carefully, for all, and later she will bring it up again, when it is not expected.

One sentence mastered in this way is worth more than hours with half-learned sentences.

If the student is allowed to sit and watch the teacher without understanding what is being said, the time is *worse* than wasted, for habits of inattention are being formed, and while the eyes may be fixed on the speaker, the mind is wandering. This is especially true in large evening classes, and should be guarded against.

The teacher should remember that she is teaching lip reading and nothing else. She may be interested in many different subjects and capable of teaching them, but in this case, she should confine herself to the sentences, phrases and lessons found in this book.

Lip reading is a matter of repetition. When we learned to decline a Latin noun or conjugate a French verb, we did not find it sufficient to have the teacher repeat it for us: we had to take it home and study it. We went over it and over it many times, until we could never forget it. That was a

part of our drill. It trained the memory, and the study of lip reading trains the memory wonderfully. As the lessons proceed it is a delight to watch the mind of the student develop. From short and simple phrases which were too difficult to repeat word for word, he passes on to long and complicated ones, and can follow from one sentence to another without a pause. It becomes unnecessary to repeat from the teacher's lips, for the mind becomes wholly absorbed in the matter it is reading; to repeat at this stage is to lose the train of thought, and grieves the spirit. The mood of reading the lips is acquired by degrees; we need to cultivate it with the utmost delicacy and care. When the teacher begins to see that intent, absorbed look appear in her pupil's expression, she may feel that her work is going to be rewarded. Besides training the memory, the study of lip reading increases the power of concentration. Deaf people are noted for being able to keep their attention upon what they are doing; for obvious reasons, reading the lips only increases this power.

Lip reading increases the power of observation. The eyes are trained to observe more accurately and to make their report to the brain without mistakes.

Lip reading also increases the power of intuition to a marked extent. We know that there is an inner ear and an inner way of reaching the mind which is not dependent upon the external ear; all is not understood, but we know that deaf people are often able to understand what is said without being told; lip reading teaches them to observe and to draw a correct inference, and in the end to depend upon themselves.

Deaf people are often shut out from intercourse with others, and no one will let them talk. It is often complained of. "They don't talk to me" is the expression. "I don't have any one to talk to," they say, and it is too true. The teacher can show herself a true friend by taking extra time and listening; it will help to lighten the heavy burden, and she can in this way observe mannerisms of speech, ways that need correction, and she can

very often do much more than just teach lip reading. She can *give encouragement* and when the worst comes and all seems lost, she can say: "Ask God to help you." Taking a new pupil in a quiet room with no interruption, in her responsibility she cannot but feel that the Great Teacher must also be there.

“Sir,” answered Sancho, “I see, indeed, that all the things you have told me are good, pious, and profitable; but of what use will they all be if I don’t remember one of them? Very likely all that you said about not letting my nails grow too long, and marrying again if I get a chance, I shall not forget; but for all the rest of that stew, and gallimanfry, and medley, I shan’t remember any more about it than about last year’s clouds. So you must give it to me written down; for suppose I can’t read or write, I can give it to my confessor, and he may pack it into me, and remind me of it whenever I need it.”

SANCHO PANZA.

LESSON I

SALUTATIONS AND GENERAL CONVERSATION

It is very important that everyone should understand ordinary greetings and the lack of this knowledge often causes much embarrassment. It is also useful to know what reply is to be expected and a little practice with these phrases will be found invaluable. The teacher should often stop to give work connected with the phrases and to encourage a little conversation. She might call each pupil by name and say "Good morning, Mrs. ———," or "Good afternoon, Miss ———," at first looking *towards* the one she addresses, but later looking at some one else, in this way teaching to read the different names.

With thorough practice of these ordinary phrases it will not be necessary for the student to tell each passer-by that he is deaf, but he will know what is said and make the usual casual response.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Good morning! How do you do? It is a pleasant day; a fine day. How it rains! Good evening! Good day to you! Good night! Good bye! Good afternoon! Allow me! Excuse me! Pardon me! Certainly. Sure. I want to introduce a friend of mine. Thank you. I shall be pleased. It is a very dear friend. It gives me pleasure. Miss Smith, allow me to present Mr. Brown. Good evening, Miss Smith. It seems to me we have met before. It is just possible. I can't just remember where. When will you be at home. Almost any day. My day at home is Thursday.

If I should come Thursday, would you give me some tea?

Yes, indeed I would. Can't you come out to see me?

Do come! Come soon. Come next week.

I shall be home all the week. I will look for you.

I shall expect you. I want to see you very much.

What street do you live on. I've forgotten the name of your street. I live on ——— street.

Where do you live? Is it far from here?

Not so very far. It is near the Park. Near what Park?

You will need to take the trolley? I don't enjoy the trolley

I will take a taxi. That costs more.

Not so very much more. I must say good-bye.

I don't like to say good-bye.

I really must go. Why do you go so soon?

Must you go? Yes; I have an engagement.

Don't be in a hurry. Isn't it cold. How cold it is!

It is freezing weather. It's too cold here.

What a bad day it is! What nice weather!

Beautiful! Lovely! Charming! Awful! Dreadful!

I never saw anything like it. Are you going out?

Yes; I have to go down town. You will find it is pretty cold.

I don't care. I don't care a bit. Are you going to the City?

Yes; I have to go shopping. When do you think you will be back?

Sometime this afternoon. Don't wait dinner for me.

I may want to stay to the theatre. Very well, that will be all right.

I wish I could go with you. Well, come on then.

Why not? Why, yes indeed. We'll have a good time.

I like to have you go with me. But I haven't any money.

Never mind. I have plenty. You don't need any money.

We can see the styles just as well. I'll be ready right off.

Wait for me. Don't wait for me.

I'll wait for you. I'll be right down.

I'll be watching for you. I'll wait at the door.

Don't go off without me. I'll have to get ready.

I am ready now.

These phrases are taken from some of the best modern books and show what colloquial forms are. They are often ungrammatical and slangy, but the lip reader wishes to know them and to be able to understand them.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

I know all about it. Speak louder ; I can't hear you.

Don't talk so loud.

Don't you want to go to the theatre with us to-night?

Thank you ; but I've got a date myself.

Could I use your phone? Mother gone out?

No, it's nothing important. It's rotten luck.

Where've you been? That's just what I've been thinking.

I thought it was first-rate. That's his business.

It isn't my funeral. That's really awful.

Calm down! They're all right.

I don't know what you're talkin' about. Who was it?

Who's that? What were you saying?

What on earth are you talking about?

No, of course not. Yes, I know. That depends.

Search me. Oh yes, I'll be here. You bet.

Had a good day? Look at that. Sure thing. Listen.

Listen a minute. Oh I suppose so. Naturally.

Yes indeed. I knew you would.

That is most unwise.

That is indiscreet of you. Of course I do.

Don't you remember what I said to you yesterday?

Yes, that's true—it is very true.

What is it? What is that? What did he say?

She wanted to know what it was.

I don't think I'd better go tonight.

I think I ought to stay home.

I've got a cold—a bad cold.

Is there anything the matter? No, of course not.

I feel dreadfully about that.

Why, what's the matter with 'em? Nothing's the matter.
I don't like that style. I shouldn't wonder.
Come in and sit down. Will that do? Take this chair.
Why should he? Why not? Don't you go away.
You stay right here. I'll be right back.

LESSON II

M—B—P

This lesson groups the three homonyms M, B, and P, combining them with the four principal sounds of the vowel A. These sounds are

A—as in ale.

A—as in arm

A—as in all

A—as in ask

Begin by saying the following short words over to yourself, standing before a mirror, and repeating them aloud. If it is found annoying to practice aloud, an emphatic whisper will show you the shape of the lips; but if you have an assistant be sure to have the voice used. Do not exaggerate; form the words sweetly and naturally; relaxing the muscles as much as possible.

may—muff

may—bay—pay—puff

may—pay

buff—may—buff—bay

buff—puff

bay—bar—baw—ban

pay—puff

ban—baw—ban—buff

puff—muff

bar—bay—bar—baw

Run these words together, at first slowly, gradually increasing the speed. When you feel quite familiar with them, ask some hearing person to pronounce them over for you in a natural manner, until they are mastered. After becoming somewhat familiar with these small words, take a group of the following sentences. It is well to study only three or four sentences at a time, returning to them again and again.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

We may go tomorrow. You may pick the flowers.

May I go with you? The ship is sailing down the Bay.

Bay leaves grow in California. The Bay is full of lovely little islands.

Shall I pay the fares for you? We must pay everything at the office before we go.

I want to pay for everything this time. March is a month of storms.

The little child was saying "Mamma" all the time. I saw the man say "yes, Marm."

We must not let the bars down. The Balm of Gilead is a handsome tree.

We went to an Oyster Bar for supper.

This is a good place to park the car. She told my fortune from my palm.

The palm is given to the victor. Palms are given away on Palm Sunday.

Foolish Proverbs

Listen to these proverbs and see if you can give the correct versions:

A miss is as good as a married woman.

A straw hat shows which way the wind blows.

It's a long lane that has no ash barrel.

A word to the wise is useless.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Tremont Mall is a very pleasant walk on the Common in Boston.

What a beautiful morning! I feel very mortified about it.

Are you going to the ball game with me? Yes I am going to play ball.

She wore an old gray bonnet. The fog hangs over the river like a pall.

That is only a paltry sum. You must have had a hole in your pocket.

She wore a mask when she went to the Ball. "Have Faith in Massachusetts."

I told the man to be more careful next time. I think that would be a bad mistake. What time are you coming back? How bashful she is; she should be more courageous.

"Bye, Baby, Buntin. Papa's gone a-huntin',
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Buntin in."

Please pass me my cloak. The honey bees are basking in the sun.

There is going to be a mass meeting tonight. Don't you want me to pack up for you?

Can I pass you anything? Maude Adams was very successful with the part of Peter Pan.

My nice muff will keep me warm. Let me bring you your muff and collar.

My gray kitten's name is Muff. That dress is a handsome buff color.

A sideboard is sometimes called a buffet. Did you go to see the circus with Buffalo Bill?

How the engine puffs going up the grade. The wind is blowing in little puffs.

She had a lovely down puff for her couch.

THE STORY

Once a man was boasting of his sweet-heart's popularity. "She is a mighty popular girl," he said. "Why, just to show you how popular she is: She goes around to parties a lot, and they play a game where a girl is blind-folded, and then she walks around and taps some young fellow on the shoulder. Then he has either to kiss her or give her a quarter. Say, many a time she has come home from a party with \$8 or \$10."

LESSON III

THE LETTER S

In pronouncing the letter S the teeth are brought evenly together, the lips are opened so that the teeth may be seen, the tongue is brought up against the teeth and the air is blown out against the teeth to produce a sharp hissing sound. Practice the following sounds, making the sound of S very emphatic, as if you said *Essss—ay*, *Essss—an*, *Essss—ar*, and study the working of the different muscles around the lower part of the mouth. You will notice that the lips are drawn open as in a smile, and in pronouncing the vowel A the jaw falls very perceptibly, the tongue being slightly seen. These motions are among the easiest to read and are very important.

say—sar

saw—say

say—saw—san

sar—say

san—saw

san—sar—saw

say—san

saw—say

sar—san—say

saw—say

say—say

say—sar—san

san—saw

san—san

sar—saw—say

Practice the following sentences faithfully both with the mirror and with your assistant; they cannot be practiced too much.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

What did you say? Say that over again.

Please say that again. Say it more slowly.

Have you seen Sargents' pictures at the Museum?

You must not use sarcasm. Sarcasm is a poor form of wit.

We took a box of sardines with us on the picnic.

Maine is noted for its good sardines.

We saw some lovely pictures yesterday.

She asked you if you saw the pictures.

I saw the boy fall down on the ice.
We are going to the seashore to play in the sands.
The sand is very white and fine.
I am very fond of sandalwood.

Remarks

Be sure to have a good strong light upon your own lips when you practice alone, and stand or sit erect, with the mirror straight in front of you. Hold the chin up; it is impossible to see the motions of the lower lip if the chin is down. This is one reason why it is so difficult to understand a reader, for in reading from a book or paper the paper is necessarily held down below the face making the lips in shadow.

Try to have your assistant repeat three or four sentences at a time without moving her position. It is very wearisome to the lip-reader to have the assistant looking down at the book and then up again for each sentence; much better for the assistant to take several sentences in her mind at once and to assume a natural position before she begins to say the lesson to you. Lip reading is such a matter of the subconscious mood that the least interruption will sometimes throw off the power of reading. Reading the lips is a little like placing yourself on a railroad train—you just let yourself go and read without effort under the right conditions.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

That is not safe. Don't go there.
Slow and sure is the safe way.
Should you think that would be safe?
There will be a cake sale at the Church next week.
He was anxious to make a sale.
The sails of the ship are all flying.
Whittier wrote a poem called "My Psalm."

Longfellow also wrote a poem, calling it "A Psalm of Life."
They were chanting psalms all day Sunday.
Saul was also among the prophets.
Did you bring a satchel with you?
We are told to remember the Sabbath day.
She is very fond of sachet powder.
She looks so sad. What can be the matter?

THE STORY

Among the familiar and oft-told tales of asylums is that of the fisherman who sat by a stream just outside the institution walls, his line in the water, his attitude one of contentment. The head of a patient bobbed up above the wall. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Fishing." "Caught anything?" "No." "How long you been fishing?" "Bout two hours." "Had any bites?" "No."

The man inside the grounds scratched his head. Then he motioned over the wall to the fisherman and said, "You come in here!"

The following popular song has been introduced here as it teaches the days of the week and colloquial expressions besides having a good rhythm.

THE SONG

Sunday Night

A popular lady, was little Miss Brady,
Who worked in a candy store.
She had so many beaux they were waiting in rows,
Each evening her work was o'er.

If they'd ask her to go, to a ball or a show,
Or to come up home and call,
She'd tell them they might come around Sunday night,
And sing this refrain to them all.

Refrain

Monday night is working night
Tuesday night's the same.
Wednesday night and Thursday night
I'm on the job again;
Friday night and Saturday night
I'm busy as can be,
So you'll have to make it Sunday night
If you call on me.

One Sunday, Miss Brady, the popular lady,
Went down to the shore to swim.
She'd a figure so cute in her new bathing suit
The ocean was glad she dropped in.
As she strolled up the sand
To the tune of the band,
All the men were in her train;
She'd jolly them all when they'd ask her to call,
And sing them the same old refrain.

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LESSON IV

BANKING AND FINANCE

It is very necessary that deaf people should read numbers correctly. They need this knowledge wherever they go. Number work is fine practice for *lip reading* and drill in this should continually be practiced.

The figures 8, 9, and 10 are very much alike, also 18 and 19, and one must constantly be on his guard with them. If in doubt do not hesitate to ask for a repetition until you are absolutely sure.

A little sacrifice of your pride in such a case may save you the loss of many dollars.

Sentences for Practice

I am going to the Bank to-day.

To the First National Bank.

To the Savings Bank. To the Coöperative Bank.

I must get some money. I have to cash a check.

How much do you need? Perhaps I could cash it for you.

I need Forty Dollars. Ten Dollars. A Hundred Dollars.

I can't let you have so much as that.

How much have you? What shall I do?

Can you lend me half a dollar?

Why, yes, to be sure I can.

I wish I could, but I haven't any cash to-day.

I'm sorry. It's too bad. Perhaps I could to-morrow.

I want to deposit some money in the Savings Bank this morning.

Don't forget to take your book.

No, I won't forget it. You must make out a slip.

Don't forget it. You must sign your name.

You must give your age and tell where you were born.
I want to make a note. How long? Three months?
You must see the Cashier. Can you give good security?
Have you any collateral? That's all right.
Is that all you want? Shall I give you a check or cash?
Here is the bill. Statement. Account. Receipt.
Would it be convenient? If you please.
What interest does that Bank pay now? 3 per cent? 5 per cent? 10 per cent?

Higher Mathematics

If I have 6 apples and give away 3 of them, how many have I left? Answer quickly.

I have 4 boxes of candy and Mary gives me 2 more. How many boxes of candy have I?

I had \$5.00 in my pocket when I went to the store. When I came home I had only \$1.00. How much had I spent?

Four and four and four are how many?

Twenty-five and thirty and ten and fifty are how many?

Six and eight. How many?

One hundred twenty-five and ten. How many?

What is 5 per cent of \$100? Five per cent of \$500?

Shall I draw a check for you? If you please, I wish you would.

You must endorse the check when you deposit it. Of course, I know that. I should not forget to endorse it. Some people do.

I want to get a certified check.

What do you want it for?

I want it so I can send it away.

I hope you will be careful not to overdraw your account.

We ought to balance our bank account. I have to do it every month.

Are all your checks in?

Do you know where to place your name when you endorse a check?

You ought to place your name on the left-hand about an inch from the edge. You should not write it too near the edge.

Why not?

Because a dishonest person could cut it off.

Mathematics

One hundred fifty and six. How many?

My sister gave me twenty-five cents to buy postage stamps with. How many stamps could I buy?

I could buy twenty-five one-cent stamps, or I could buy twelve two-cent stamps and a one-cent one.

I bought a horse for fifty dollars and sold him for seventy-five dollars. Did I lose money or did I make money, and how much?

Six handkerchiefs cost sixty cents. How much did one cost? How much did three cost?

If I buy a bushel of potatoes for two dollars how much will a peck of potatoes cost?

How much for half a bushel?

Advertisements—Take From Dictation

NOTE.—These advertisements are to be dictated to the class, and taken down with pencil and paper.

Fenway—Business woman will rent room to woman: all privileges. \$10. Congress 7066.

Jamaica Plain—"The Elms," 3 Revere Street. Desirable

rooms with first-class table board; convenient to steam, elevated, and trolley cars. Jamaica 2728.

A General Maid Wanted—Thoroughly experienced; family of 3 adults; no laundry. Tel. Dorchester 2530, Monday, 10 to 12.

Work of any kind wanted by strong, healthy American young man who is not afraid of labor. Best of references. Address J. T. D., Transcript.

LESSON V

THE LETTER " R "

The phonetic sound of the letter "R" is produced at the back of the mouth and with a sideways movement of the lower jaw. In using the letter with a vowel, the lower lip moves a great deal so that this is one of the easiest letters to read. Pronounced alone it seems to be preceded by the vowel "E." It may be made more emphatic by rolling it in the mouth and blowing a breath of air across the tongue. In some parts of the United States the "R" is made very emphatic, but in New England it is slipped over lightly.

ray—rah—raw—ran

ray—ran—ray—rah

rah—raff—ran—ruff

ran—ray—raw—ruff

raw—ran—ray—ran

ruff—ran—rah—raw

The practice of these words corresponds to the five-finger exercises and scales which are of so much importance in learning to play the piano. They should be faithfully practiced every day speaking each one emphatically. It will be found that this practice will also assist in enunciation which is very important to anyone who is hard of hearing. Speak the words clearly and carefully and observe your lips. You will soon notice if you make a mistake in repeating the phrases.

Sentences for Practice

Did you see the horse race when you went to the fair?

There are many people who belong to the colored race.

I have often heard of automobile races, but I should not like to see them.

Railroads were introduced into this country about 1836.

Some electric roads have a third rail.

Lincoln is called the Rail Splitter.

There is a bright ray of sunshine in the room.

Did you ever read Raymonds' advertisement in the Boston Post?

The rays of sun drove away the clouds.

The man raked the lawn all day.

There is a picture called "The Rake's Progress." In the picture the young man is carrying a rake over his shoulder and making love to a pretty girl.

What a beautiful rainbow!

How many colors are there in the rainbow?

A rainbow at night means fair weather.

"The rain falls on the just
And on the unjust feller,
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust has the just's umbrella."

"Rain, rain, go away
Come again another day."

I like to watch the rain on the window pane.

All the people were shouting Hurrah.

Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

The roast beef was much too rare.

Rare birds are found in Africa.

He ran away very fast and the rat ran after him.

She is too rash in her statements.

What a rascal he is!

Do you like wild raspberries?

He is too radical in his ideas.

Raw meat is sometimes given to wild beasts.

That was a raw deal.

What a cold raw day.

Have you bought a radio yet?

Can you hear with a radio?

She listened to the radio with a rapt expression.

I went to see Rudolph Valentino as the Young Rajah.

She was a raving beauty.

I should enjoy going to the Rathskellar if you will take me.

Let's get some radishes.

Look at the "glad rags" she has on.

I wish I could go to Rome and see Raphael's paintings.

Raphael was one of the world's greatest artists.

Her face was radiant with joy.

raw—race—railroad—ray—rake—rainbow—rain—rare—
rash—rascal—radio—rapt—Rajah—raving—Rathskellar—
radishes—rags—Raphael—radiant.

THE STORY

Aretemas Ward says that he knew a lady who went for a porous plaster and the druggist told her to place it on her trunk. Not having a trunk or a box in the house she put it on her band box and the next day reported that it was so powerful that it drew her pink bonnet all out of shape.

Ward said that Adam was snaked out of Eden. He said that Goliath was surprised when David hit him because such a thing never entered his head before.

He said that some land out in Iowa was so rich that the farmer threw a cucumber seed as far as he could and started out on the run for his house. But the cucumber vine overtook him and he found a seed cucumber in his pocket.

THE POEM

The Days

“Oh days that are coming up out of the mist,
I am half afraid of you!
What bring ye, hiding there under your cloaks?
Are ye many or are ye few? ”

The days replied from under their cloaks,
“Fear us not, whether many or few;
For messengers from your Good Friend are we,
And we bring His gifts to you.”

LESSON VI

THE LETTERS D AND T

This lesson takes up the sound of the letters "D" and "T" combined with the four different sounds of the vowel "A." In the sound of "D" and "T" the tongue has the leading part. The tip of the tongue is brought sharply up against the roof of the mouth, and the breath of air is blown from it. The teeth are quite wide apart and the lips open so that the motion of the tongue is plainly visible.

Practice saying the "D" and "T" phonetically with no vowel at first, and watch the tongue as it falls. You will notice that the mouth opens more in saying "D" than in saying "T," and the lower jaw falls much more.

Also if you place the hand around the throat you will notice that the "D" has a grating sound in the throat while the "T" is wholly in the mouth.

day—dar	day—dar—dan
dar—duff	dan—dar—day
dar—dan	dar—day—duff
dau—day	duff—dau—duff
dar—dan	dan—dan—dan

Day by day in every way I am growing better and better.
Will you make a date with me?
I saw date palms growing in California.

I hope you are not afraid of the dark.
Do help me darn these stockings.
My mother taught me to darn everything.

Dorothy told me to come right in without knocking.
A good daughter looks after her mother.
Dormer windows are much used on new houses.

What a dandy he is!

Daniel went into the lions' den but was not hurt by them.

Daniel said: "My God has shut the mouth of the lions."

The Daylo is a well-known flashlight.

Day dreams follow us when we least expect them.

Day and night I am dreaming of you.

She is such a darling girl.

The day is cold and dark and dreary.

The arrows dart back and forth very swiftly.

Day—date—dark

Daughter—Dorothy—dormer

Dandy—Daniel—Daylo

Daydreams—darling—dart

Dawn—dance.

Darn—daddy.

There was a service on the hill top at Easter dawn.

My daughter is going to do some shopping for me in Boston

Like mother—like daughter.

She just loves to dance.

The engineers have built a large dam across the stream.

My Daddy loves me, and I love my Daddy.

THE STORY

"Daddy, is to-day to-morrow?" queried Archie.

"Why, of course it isn't to-morrow," answered his father.

"But you said it was."

"When did I say to-day was to-morrow?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, it was. To-day was to-morrow yesterday, but to-day is to-day to-day, just as yesterday was to-day yesterday, but is yesterday to-day, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow,

which makes to-day yesterday and to-morrow at the same time."

Archie looked dazed and before he had recovered his speech father made good his escape.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

I will take care of you. Don't be afraid.

Take care of yourself. Be careful!

Rabbits are usually very tame.

Let's have some tartar sauce with our fish.

The gold of her chain is badly tarnished.

Have you ever read any of Booth Tarkington's stories?

How tall are you?

You are much taller than I am.

Tall trees from little acorns grow.

She is a great talker.

Come and talk to me, now.

What was she talking about?

She can hear you all right if you talk to me.

Don't turn your back around when you are talking to me.

You torture me when you do that.

How tanned she is!

My new cap is called a Tam O'Shanter.

Robert Burns wrote a poem about Tam O'Shanter's ride.

The witches chased Tam until he crossed the bridge.

My new dress is badly torn—it is in tatters.

Some one is tapping on the door.

The vine taps on the window pane.

I am going to tack down the carpet, now.

Tales of old times are always fascinating to me.

Hawthorne wrote "Twice Told Tales."

Longfellow wrote "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

"Our days pass as a tale that is told."

Oh I am so tired—do take me home.

Please take the cars when you go home.

Take up the box and leave it at the house.

What is swearing?

Is it swearing to say, "Damn it!" to a chair? To a table?

To a person? To an animal?

The Poem

"Daffy Down Dilly came up in the cold,

Through the brown mold,

What though the March breezes blew keen in her face?

What though the white snow lay in many a place?

For Daffy Down Dilly had heard under ground

The sweet rushing sound,

Of the streams as they broke through their cold wintry chains

Of the whistling winds and the pattering rains."

"Now then" thought Daffy deep down in her heart,

" 'Tis time I should start."

So she pushed her soft leaves

Through the hard frozen ground

Quite up to the surface,

And then she looked round,

So little by little she brought her leaves out,

All clustered about,

And then her bright flowers

Began to unfold,

Till Daffy stood robed

In her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down dilly, so brave and so true!

I wish all were like you!

So ready for duty

In all sorts of weather,

And loyal to courage

And duty together!

ANNA B. WARNER.

LESSON VII

THE LETTER " F "

In repeating the sentences always wait until the whole sentence is spoken before starting to repeat it. Try to grasp it as a whole. Notice that the lips move from one word to another and do not go back to rest until the end of the phrase or sentence. If after hearing the sentence, you feel uncertain about one part of it, ask to have the whole repeated, and do not divide it up, except as a last resort. Sometimes the teacher may say: "How much of that did you hear?" And then you can easily supply the missing part.

The letter "F" is the easiest to read of all the alphabet. It takes the same position as "V" and "Ph" and the three are studied together.

In "F" the upper teeth are clasped tightly over the lower lip and are always visible. When in combination with each vowel the lower lip falls away very noticeably. The air is blown out and there is a marked motion of the diaphragm which may be distinctly felt in producing the sound of "F." "F" is the favorite letter of all speech readers and will untangle many hard knots if often used.

fay—far—for—fan—fay—fan
far—fan—fay—fan—far—fay
fan—fan—fay—fay—far—fan
faff—fan—faff—fay—fay—faff
fan—fave—far—faff—fay—fave

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Do you feel faint?

Are you faint?

Are you afraid?

I am not afraid of him.

I was afraid to go home.

What are you afraid of?

He awoke and found himself famous

Famous men do not always know they are going to be famous.

Fame is a fickle goddess.

What a lovely face the child has.

Her face was very pale.

He will do anything to save his face.

“Fading still fading the last beam is shining.”

The flowers are fading. Shall I throw them away?

I think those colors will fade. I am afraid they are not fast.

You must not fail me.

He failed to catch the train this morning.

There is no such word as fail to me.

How do you pronounce the word “Pharaoh”?

The Review Club will be studying about all the Pharoahs next year.

A light house is sometimes called a Pharos.

That dress must be faced.

The facing is worn.

She faced the future very calmly.

THE POEM

“A fair little girl sat under a tree
And sewed just as long as her eyes could see;
Then put up her work, and folded it right,
And said, ‘Dear work, Good night, Good night!’

She did not say to the sun 'Good night !'
Though she saw him there like a ball of light.
She knew he had God's time to keep,
All over the world and never could sleep.

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed.
The sheeps' bleat-bleat came over the road;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on her knees her evening prayer.

And when on her pillow she softly lay
She knew no more till again it was day
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
' Good morning ! Good morning ! Our work has begun ! ' "

LORD HOUGHTON.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

I met my fate yesterday. He was very handsome.
The fates fight with me.

The three Fates were named : Clotho, the Spinner ; Lechesis
holder of the lots ; and Atropos, the end of all.

This is my favorite flower.

"Loving favor is better than silver and gold."

Will you favor me this evening ? It gives me pleasure.

I am afraid this is a fake proposition.

We must be on our guard against fakirs.

Fakirs follow circuses they say.

We are going out to the farm to-day.

Father will go with us.

This is a fine farming country.

What a farce that is.

I like to see a good farce on the stage.

That is far from my thoughts.

I went to see the stained glass window by La Farge at Trinity Church.

La Farge was a great artist.

La Farge's son is also noted.

"A haughty spirit goes before a fall."

I am afraid you will fall.

He will fall off his wheel if he is not careful.

Autumn is called the fall of the year.

Have you seen the water fall at the Cambridge Reservoir?

Do you ever go to Upper Falls or to Lower Falls?

She is a fortunate girl.

He has made a fortune this year.

How fortunate that is!

It was her fault.

It was no fault of mine. Your own fault.

I do not like the form of your sentence.

The Greeks sought for beauty of form rather than face.

Wouldn't you like to borrow my dress form?

•He wore a handsome fob on his watch.

A dandy is sometimes called a fop.

I lost my fob yesterday.

The horses must have their fodder.

He went out to fodder the cattle.

Oh what a thick fog.

The ships will find it foggy.

The fog will hinder their sailing to-day.

Shall I give you a fork?

Have you a fork and knife?

Fingers were made before forks.

I saw a mother deer with her fawn.
Pine forests cover all the hills.
The dog came and fawned upon him.

“For me and you, good friend, for me and you.
They fought for me and you.”

My fan is badly broken.
What a comfort an electric fan is.
Please fan me a little.

That is all your fancy.
I don't fancy it.
Just fancy my doing that!

Please tell me all the facts.
Do you tell me that for a fact?
Facts are stubborn things.
The story is too fantastic.
It is only phantasm.
I call it phantasmagorical.

What a peculiar fad! It will soon pass.
What will be the next fad?
He is very fastidious.

I am just famished.
There is much suffering in Europe from famine.
Famine drives people from their homes.

She had a very large family.
Families are known by their names.
He had a large family tree and was very proud of it.

The china is very frail.
Frail as the flower that perishes.
I was almost frantic.

Self Reliance

Written by a Japanese student

I have my hands to work,
Which my mother brought them up,
They are my only reliance,
Whatever may it be
 I fear not!

I have my feet to walk,
Which my father strengthened them,
They are my only stand point,
Whatever may it be
 I evade not!

I have my mind to think
Which my Lord gifted me.
This is my only guidance,
Whatever may it be
 I stray not!

LESSON VIII

ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY

A good nurse is a good nurse whether hard of hearing or not, and deaf people may sometimes be ill. While it might be dangerous for one who is totally deaf to be alone with a very ill patient there are times when a good lip reader might be the best nurse in the world.

The patient might be unable to make a sound, as is often the case, but the slightest movement of the lips can be detected by a lip reader, and this might sometimes be the means of saving a life.

The following sentences are some of those which would commonly be used in the sick room. These also apply to a hard-of-hearing patient who can read the lips:

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

How do you feel now? Do you feel any better to-day?

Is your pain gone? How does your head feel?

I feel very sick. Don't you want something?

Is there anything I can do for you?

Can't I get you something? I should like a drink of water.

I am so weak. Shall I raise you up a little?

Yes, if you please. That's just right. Water.

Water, please. Medicine.

Give me my medicine. Is that water hot?

Hot water. Cold water.

Not too hot. Please get me a glass of milk, now.

Right off. Don't wait.

You are too slow. I am cold.

I feel chilly. O, I am so uncomfortable.

Don't you see how I am shivering?

I must have a hot water bag. Right away.

I don't want to wait. I can't wait any longer.

Take my temperature. What is it?
It is all right. Don't say that.
Don't do that. Where is my handkerchief?
Give me my comb and brush and toothbrush.
Where's the towel? I want to make up your bed now.
I want to get up. I don't want to get up.
I want to go to bed. I am tired.
Don't talk to me. Don't make so much noise.
Don't hit the bed. Don't move the chairs.
Put the curtain down. Shut the door.
Don't go away. Where's Mother?
Tell her I want her. Come and sit down.
Sit where I can see you. Where are you going?
I can't see you. I can't hear you.
Speak louder. Be quiet.
Now you must go to sleep. What is the matter with me?
You are very sick.
The Doctor does not know whether you will get well or not.
He will do all he can for you. He is very good.
I know it. I think you are going to get better.
Very soon. What is that noise?
You woke me up.
That's too bad. I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry for you. I don't want to see anybody.
No, indeed. You shall not see anybody if you don't want to.

THE STORY

Extract from a letter to a newspaper correspondent:

Dear Otto: Please tell me is it unlucky to get married on Friday the thirteenth?

Answer: Just as much as any other day.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

It's time for your medicine. I don't want it.

Take it away. I'm not going to take it.
 I won't take it. What shall I do with it?
 I don't care. Are your feet warm?
 No, they are very cold.
 Can't I fix your pillows a little better?
 You are going to sit up to-day. How do you know?
 Doctor said so. I am glad to hear it.
 How good you are! You have been so kind.
 You are a great deal better already.
 You'll be going down stairs pretty soon. What's the matter?
 What are you going to do?
 Many thanks for all you have done.
 I never saw such a good patient.

DIRGE

To the memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who died in consequence of being stung in the eye.

Peerless, yet hapless maid of Q!
 Accomplished LN G!
 Never again shall I and U
 Together sip our T.

For, ah! the Fates I know not Y,
 Sent 'midst the flowers a B,
 Which venomous stung her in the I,
 So that she could not C.

LN exclaimed, "Vile, spiteful B!
 If ever I catch U
 On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,
 I'll change your singing Q.

I'll send you like a lamb or U
 Across the Atlantic C,
 From our delightful village Q
 To distant O Y E.

A stream runs from my wounded I,
 Salt as the briny C,
 As rapid as the X or Y,
 The OIO or D.

Then fare thee ill, insistent B!
 Who stung, nor yet knew Y,
 Since not for wealthy Durham's C
 Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G
 In funeral R. A,
 A clay-cold corpse now doomed to B
 While I mourn her DK.

LESSON IX

THE LETTER " N "

The sounds of "N," "Gn," and "Kn" are the same, and phonetically their sounds are quite similar to those of "D" and "T." In reading these letters by the lips we find that they are identical, as the tip of the tongue is brought up against the roof of the mouth and the mouth is open. It is only by the connection that these letters may be distinguished. Practice the short words faithfully, also the words which are used in the sentences. Place the left hand around the throat and notice the different sounds produced by each of these. Notice also how much more the lower jaw falls in using the "D" words than with "T" or "N."

nay—nar	nar—nan—nay—nan
nar—nay	nay—nan—nar—nuff
nay—nuff	nan—nar—nuff—nay
nar—nan	nar—nay—nan—nuff
nan—nuff	nuff—nay—nan—nan

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

We have very pleasant neighbors.
Be careful or the neighbors will hear you.
Who is my neighbor?

For want of a nail a battle was lost.
The horses neigh for their supper.
"Nay, nay, and yea, yea.
That is what the Quakers say."

What is your name?
Please tell me the name again.
Names trouble deaf people very much.
The American nation is very powerful.

THE POEM

“This is our own, our native land
Tho’ poor and rough she be,
The home of many a noble soul
The birthplace of the free.
We’ll love her rocks and rivers
Till Death our quick blood chills.
Hurrah, for Old New England
And her cloud-capped granite hills.”

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

You must take a nap to-day.
I had a long nap this afternoon.
My old horse is a good old nag.

That lace is too narrow.
It should not be so narrow.
What natural beauty there is in this place.

Those flowers are so natural.
I did not think they could be artificial.
Don’t be narrow-minded.

I shall have to buy some naphtha before long.
Have you a napkin?
Paper napkins are very cheap and useful.
Are you fond of nasturtiums?

Suggestions

The teacher should never give the key word to any sentence. It takes just as much time to read the key word as it would to read the whole sentence, and in real life no one can stop to

give you such a thing. If people would tell you what they were going to talk about, it certainly would be a help, but they will seldom do that or confine themselves to that one subject. Conversation drifts here and there and we must be prepared to follow it.

Deaf people are so apt to *guess* what is said, that if a key word is given they think they know the whole thing, and are more than likely to guess wrong. When they do so, it requires much effort on the part of their friends, to set them right. There is no guess work about good lip reading. If you know the words you will recognize them and they become like old and true friends—always the same.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

“It is naught, it is naught saith the buyer.”

How can you be so naughty?

Boys are usually the naughty ones, but girls can be naughty too.

The paper narcissus is most beautiful in the early spring.

Narcotics are prohibited by very severe laws.

I am going to the natatorium for a swim.

The trunk of the tree is gnarled.

Just look at the way the dog gnaws that bone.

He was so angry he gnashed his teeth.

Mosquitoes are only small gnats.

Nap—neighbor—nag—narrow—natural—narrow-mindedness—naphtha—napkin—nasturtiums—nail—neigh
nay—name—nation—native

naught—naughty—nausea—narcissus—narcotics—
natatorium—gnarled—gnash—gnats.

A College Song

(NOTE. This song was selected for its use of homophonous words.)

A man and a maid went a-rowing
Out on the river one day.
The man made love to the maiden
While the oars floated softly away.
So there they were left on the river
Wat'ry tears filled their little canoe.
Then they both started to boo-hoo,
Down by the river side.

Chorus

Down by the river side. Down by the river side.
He sighed and she sighed,
And then they sighed, side by side,
Down by the river side.

*“Il faut dans ce bas monde aimer beaucoup de choses, pour
savoir après tout ce qu'on aime le mieux.”*

LESSON X

LITERATURE

Sentences for Practice

What are you reading? I am reading a very good book.

It is a new book. Where did you get that book?

Some one lent it to me. I borrowed it.

Did you get it from the Library? Yes, I did.

Who is it by? Who wrote it? Who is the author?

You are lucky to get it now.

Have you finished your book? Did it take you very long?

I have had it a week, already.

It is slow reading but I enjoy it very much.

Where is the scene of the plot laid? In America? Europe?

Is it a love story? Is it a pretty story? Interesting?

It is a detective story and it is very interesting.

It is awfully exciting. I don't like it.

I wish I hadn't read it. I don't like the people in it.

I am reading a great many magazines lately.

Which magazines do you have? We take Good Housekeeping.

Do you ever read the American? The Atlantic? The Century?

When you get through with it please let me take it.

I want to read it sometime. No hurry. Anytime. Tomorrow.

Do you read a great deal? I don't have much time to read.

What do you do with yourself all the time?

We have the papers; they take a lot of time every day.

What paper is that you are reading? I have the Globe.

What part of the Globe do you like best?

Do you read the housekeeping notes?

I read the Hotel Stenographer and Dorothy Dix every night.

What part of the Herald do you read first? Is it reliable?

Do you ever read Whiting? Otto Grow? Do you know Mrs. May Grow?

Do you know Uncle Shelley Grow? And the twins?

It is a wonderful family.

I like some fun in a paper, don't you?

This is one of Whiting's stories:

One of the patients in an asylum imagined himself to be Julius Caesar. One morning, when someone said to him, "Good morning, Caesar," he drew himself up to his full height and said, "Sir, you are in error. I am Napoleon."

"O, I beg your pardon for the mistake. As I recalled meeting you a few days ago I thought you were Caesar."

"To be sure," he said with an agreeable smile. "But that was by my first wife."

THE POEM

'Tis a long time to come, I remember it well—
Alone in the poorhouse a maiden did dwell;
She dwelt with her father and mother serene
Her age it was red, and her hair was nineteen.

This maid had a lover who near by did dwell;
He was cross-eyed in both feet and crooked as well;
Said he, "Fly with me, by the light of yon star,
For you are the eye of my apple, you are."

"Oh, no," said the maiden, "I pray you be wise;
My father would scratch out your nails with his eyes;
If you love me you will not bring me to disgrace,"
Said the maid; as she buried her hands in her face.

And so she refused him, this hard-hearted maid,
And quickly he opened the knife of his blade,—
He soon cut the throat of the maiden so fair
And dragged her about by the head of her hair.

But just at this moment her father appears,—
He gazed on his daughter, with his eyes in his tears;
He knelt down beside her, her pale face he kissed,
Then rushed with his throat at the murderer's fist.

The father then ordered this villain to bolt;
He drew his horse pistol—'twas raised from a Colt;
The murderer ran to the chimney, 'tis true:
And said, "I will fly," as he flew up the flue.

THE STORY

Otto Grow says he is going to write a new book. The title of the book is going to be "Intimate Facts not generally known about President Calvin Coolidge."

These are some of the things which he has discovered:

"After painstaking' research I am able to give out these heretofore unknown facts about Calvin Coolidge—

Uses a brush and comb on his hair regularly.

Sits down at his meals.

Uses a pen when writing.

Also uses impregnated safety matches.

Wears two shoes at a time—a right and a left.

Looks at his watch when he wishes to know the time.

Does not ride a bicycle.

Wears starched collar and four-in-hand tie.

Covers face with lather before shaving.

Carries an umbrella on rainy days."

The Otto Grow referred to in this lesson is the well-known

writer, Mr. Franklin Collier, who is a contributor to the Boston Herald. He has a large imaginary family who all have received names which make puns, such as Otto Grow, May Grow, Uncle Shelly Grow, and there are two wonderful twins. called Dewey Grow and Wanna Grow. Otto's father is Howland Grow, Esq. His mother is Lena Grow. His wife, Mrs. May Grow, was formerly Miss May B. Biggar. There are three other children in this family besides the twins, and their names are Willie Grow, Kenny Grow and Letta Grow. Mrs. Grow's mother's name is Mrs. Lots Biggar, and the dog in the family is Barker Grow.

—*By Permission.*

Mr. Edward E. Whiting is also one of the leading contributors to the Herald. The following is a sample of his finest style, and this may well be used to teach lip reading. Its sentences are short, its words are familiar, and the noble thought appeals to everyone.

“To-day is Memorial Day. To-day we decorate the graves of those we call dead. Particularly we decorate the graves of those who died in war; or who, serving in defence of their country, have since passed from this life. The day is consecrated to these men. To the men who died that the Union might live, intact and whole. To the men who died in the cause of Cuban freedom. To the men who died that democracy might be secure. By placing flowers upon their graves to-day we seek to show that respect and to symbolize that loving memory without which humanity fails of its purpose.”

—*By Permission.*

LESSON XI

THE LETTER "H"

In sounding the letter "H" we find the lips always half opened and the teeth apart. The tongue is plainly seen lying flat along the lower part of the mouth and the breath is blown out distinctly. Practice these short words faithfully and notice how the sound is produced.

hay—har—haw—han
han—haw—hay—haff
han—hay—har—haw
haff—han—haw—han
hay—har—haff—han

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Envy and hate go together.

We are told to hate the sin but love the sinner.

I should hate to see you do that.

I think it will not harm you. We must have harmony in our family.

The medicine was harmful to him.

Do you enjoy hearing the harp?

The harp is a beautiful instrument, and the music of the harp is very sweet.

The most beautiful music in the world is the harp, violin, and organ.

Hades is known as the abode of the dead.

Did you ever read a book for children called "Haidee"?

Haidee was a little Swiss girl.

That word is too hard for me, I can't read half of that.

He was my half brother.

The wife is sometimes called "The better half."

They are expecting a great harvest this year.

“My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.”

The heart is a wonderful organ. It is the strongest pump in the world.

The hail stones were as large as hen’s eggs.

What a hailstorm we had.

He was a hale and hearty old man.

He was in great haste. I could not stop him.

“Haste makes waste.”

Waste makes want.

Want makes strife.

Between man and his wife.”

We should not be too hasty in our judgments.

I know a girl named Hazel.

The witch hazel has a small yellow flower.

The air is very hazy over all the mountains.

Hazing is forbidden at most colleges.

Make hay while the sun shines.

Let’s go out and play in the hay.

Do you like the fragrance of new mown hay?

The hay cocks look so pretty out there in the moon light.

“Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,

Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.

Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die.

All in the Valley of Death rode the six hundred.”

Her welcome was very hearty.

Oh, what a heartless creature you are.

Cold hands warm heart.

She is very haughty in her manner.

“A haughty spirit goes before a fall.”

We have a hawthorn tree in our yard.

Nathaniel Hawthorne planted a hawthorn hedge around his house in Concord.

How happy everyone looks to-day.

Happiness follows well doing.

“That one is happiest who has the most interesting thoughts.”

Shall we have some ham to-day?

Yes, we will have ham and eggs.

I will bring the lunch to the picnic in a hamper.

The Esquimaux have many curious habits.

We should make ourselves free from the slavery of habit.

He had a very bad habit of using tobacco.

My hand is free to move as I choose.

Did you have a good hand at whist?

How handy you are with your needle.

I went to my room to hang up my dress.

Your dress does not hang right.

He had a rather hang dog look. I was afraid of him.

How did it happen?

I don't know how it happened.

Strange things happen sometimes.

Words used in this lesson:

hate—harm—harp—Hades—hard—harvest

hail—haste—hasty—hazy—hay—half

heart—heart—haughty—happy—have—ham

hamper—habit—hand—hang—happen

THE STORY

A friend of a friend of mine went over when the war broke out as a captain. He secured his majority and was assigned to the command of a battalion of negro stevedores at Brest on the French coast. Among his men was a black giant from Alabama, densely ignorant, infinitely happy, and the hardest worker among all the hundreds of stevedores who labored there, handling supplies for the A. E. F.

The big darky's notions of military courtesy, and of such an intricate thing as military rank, were so vague as practically to be nonexistent. To him a sergeant was the embodiment of supreme power—as high a note as he could sound on the Army scale.

All the same, his never-failing good humor, and his willingness to take on any task, no matter how disagreeable or laborious, made him a favorite, and his white officers were disinclined to discipline him, in spite of daily breaches of etiquette on his part.

One day the battalion commander gave him a direct order to perform some job or other. He grinned amiably, and answered:

“All right, Sa'gent, I'll sho' 'tend to it right away.”

“Look here!” snapped the officer with assumed severity, “haven't you learned yet how to address me? I want you to understand that I'm a major, and must be spoken to as such.”

“Law's sake! Is dat so?” said the darky, showing all his teeth in a friendly smile. “Well, anyways, you suttinly is one mighty nice young fella, an' I hope they meks you a sa'gent soon.”

LESSON XII

The student who has proceeded thus far in the study of lip reading should be prepared to follow ordinary short stories by taking each phrase slowly and repeating it once or twice. It has been said previously that all the reading matter in this book is intended for practice; not one paragraph should be omitted, and it is well to go over each lesson many times.

The Story (told by Mrs. Myers of Philadelphia:)

The Only Thing That Did Not Fade

There is a story that once an angel came down from Heaven to earth. He wished to find something which would remain just as beautiful in Heaven as it had been on the earth.

As he went about seeking, he found it almost impossible to find anything which would not change.

After a long time he came to a lovely garden, and there he saw a beautiful white Easter lily. The lily was so pure and sweet he thought it would surely be worthy of Heaven, so he gathered the lily and took it in his arms and carried it with him. Then as he passed along through the garden he saw a little baby sleeping in its cradle, and while he continued to gaze at the child, the baby smiled. The angel said to himself that here was something almost too beautiful for earth which well might be given room in Heaven, for nothing could be sweeter than the smile of an innocent little baby; and he took the baby's smile with him.

Farther on he saw a mother soothing her sick child to rest, with all the patient love which only a mother can give. Her love was so tender and devoted that the angel stooped and took the mother-love in his arms; and so went on his way.

But when he reached Heaven, he found that the lily was no longer beautiful—it was crushed and faded. He found that the baby's smile had disappeared. But the mother-love which

was so strong, had endured even from earth to Heaven and would never be less; and he found that the only thing which would never fade was Mother-Love.

A poem from an old Sampler:

“ Spring must pass, life must fade
No second Spring to know
Virtue alone Celestial maid
Can bloom Eternal here below.”

NOTE.—In studying the above it is well to draw out the class, asking such questions as:—

Why is Eternal a capital letter?

Why is Celestial a capital?

What does it mean about “no second Spring”?

Does the word “Celestial” apply to “Virtue” or to the little girl who made the Sampler?

NOTE.—After giving the above story and poem, a debate might be held upon the question, “What can deaf people do to make it easier for their hearing friends?” Pencils and paper should be distributed and the answers read by the leader of the class and time allowed for discussion. In the last part of this book some suggestions on this topic and also as to how deaf people may protect themselves, will be found.

LESSON XIII

COLLOQUIAL PHRASES

In the study of the English language, for the purpose of reading the lips, it is necessary to obtain a working vocabulary as soon as possible. Words which are familiar and are frequently used should be learned at once. Common phrases, the use of numerals, every-day expressions, especially those used in the family and the home are very easily acquired and in this book they have received special attention. When someone says "Good Morning" to us we ought to be able to read the phrase without any trouble but it is too true that many individuals have studied lip reading and have been able to read many difficult words and phrases, yet made a very poor appearance in society because they had not learned these simple useful expressions.

The sentences are arranged for use at home at first, for table manners and courtesies, for illness, for use with tradespeople, and for shopping and visiting.

It will be noticed that many isolated words are inserted; these are intended to be used in various ways to make more sentences and conversations. The object is to make the student prepared to understand what would usually be said under certain circumstances. Slang phrases have also been used and sometimes language which is colloquial and in common use although not strictly grammatical.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

THE CITY

I'm goin' to the movies. You mean to the motion pictures?

The same. Sure. Of course. How stupid you are!

Don't you know that? Well, I do.

Won't you go along? Yes indeed, I love to go.

Movies were invented for deaf people, didn't you know it?

We can enjoy them without any trouble.
 I will get the tickets. No, I'll get them.
 You can't get them. Why can't I?
 You won't know what they say at the box office.
 Just let me try and see.
 Two tickets, please. How many did you say?
 What is the price? How much? How much are they?
 All same price. Price list up there. Twenty-five cents.
 All right. Balcony. This way. Up stairs.
 Dressing room down stairs. One flight up.
 What a good show! Did you enjoy it? Indeed I did.
 It was immense. What a lovely playhouse this is!
 It is a pleasure to come with you.
 Oh, cut that out! Now you're shouting!
 That gets me! Nothin' doin'. I like that.
 That gets my goat! Isn't it fine?
 Let me help you. Shall I take your coat? Allow me.

PROVERBS

Fine feathers make fine birds finer.
 Whether the jug hits the stone, or the stone hits the jug, it's
 a bad thing for the jug.
 Welcome ever smiles, but farewell goes out sighing.
 If you wish to have the fruit, you must learn to climb the tree.
 Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow,
 the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

FAMILY LIFE

Breakfast is ready. Are you ready for breakfast?
 All ready. Not quite. He will be down soon?

How long will it be, do you think. About fifteen minutes.
Please come to breakfast now. We are late.

What time do you have breakfast? We have it when we
are ready.

At seven o'clock. At eight sharp. A little before eight.

This is good coffee. Did you make this coffee yourself?

How did you make it? However you made it, it is delicious.

This coffee is poor. I can't drink it.

Would you like some toast this morning? Will you have dry
toast?

The toast is burned again. What a shame that is.

It's too bad. I'll make some more right away.

O, thank you so much. You are too kind.

How many eggs will you have? One if you please.

I like them any way. Hard or soft. Fried eggs.

Boiled eggs. Poached eggs or scrambled.

A very nice breakfast. Thank you so much.

Good morning.

Deaf people are apt to shrink from hearing unpleasant things ;
they are able to close their eyes and ears and avoid what they
do not wish to hear. But when the eyes are opened by a
thorough knowledge of lip-reading they should be able to read
every single word whatever its meaning. If it is human lan-
guage they must be ready to read it.

THE POEM

"I am only one
But I am one.
I cannot do everything
But I can do something.
And what I can do
By the grace of God
I will do."

—*From the German.*

LESSON XIV

THE LETTER "L"

We now come to the letter "L." This is one of the easiest letters to read, ranking with "F" and "R," which we have studied. The tongue is used very noticeably in producing the phonetic sound of "L." Place the hand upon the throat and listen to the sound you make when you say "lull—lull—lull." Take the following words and practice in all the different combinations you can think of:

lay—lar—law—lan
lar—lan—lay—law
law—lan—lan—lay
lay—law—lan—lar
lar—lay—lar—lan

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

"I will lay me down to sleep

And take my rest."

Please lay out a good plan for me.

Our little hen lays many eggs.

He was sentenced to six months of hard labor.

Six days shalt thou labor.

There is a strong labor party in Massachusetts.

Do lace my shoes for me.

Which do you like best, laced boots or buttoned ones?

Her collar was made of real lace.

What a lady she is.

All the ladies are out in their best clothes for Easter.

"Lady bird, Lady bird, Fly away home,

Your house is on fire and your children will burn."

Do you know the pink Lady's Slipper?
The hens have laid ever so many eggs to-day.
I laid a package on your desk to-day for you.

Cape Cod is full of fresh water lakes.
Do you prefer a lake to the sea-shore?
Crimson lake is a beautiful color.

The man is so lame that he has to walk slowly.
They say the lame and the lazy are always provided for, but
I have not found it so.

It is a long lane that has no turning.
There is a walk over by the river called Lover's Lane.
Nothing is prettier than a shady lane.

You will be too late if you are not careful.
Sometimes it is "better late than never," but not always.

"Late, late, so late and dark the night and chill
Late, late, so late but we may enter still.
Too late, Too late, Ye can not enter now.
No light had we for which we do repent,
But knowing this the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late, Ye cannot enter now."

Do not attempt the impossible. Do not try to hear every word that is said. Bear in mind that a great deal is said which is not worth hearing, much less repeating. You will find that when you hear less, you will remember more. Many times when we ask our friends to repeat what was said at a sermon or a lecture they will not be able to remember one word or a single idea. The speaker's words have passed through their minds leaving no impression, but this is not true of a deaf person. Whatever he hears he retains.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Why do you laugh so hard?

She laughs herself sick over it.

“Laugh and grow fat.” That is very laughable.

There was a soft sound of gay laughter.

They were going to see the ship launched yesterday.

The enterprise is well launched.

Do you have a good laundry?

Do they launder your clothes well?

My laundry loses something for me nearly every week.

I think he is a good lawyer.

The lawyer will be ready to plead cases soon.

The law is very aggravating.

Long and hard were the lessons we had to learn.

THE PROVERB

“Lose an hour in the morning, and you may search for it all the day and never find it.”

You will notice that we often use the vowels “O” and “A” as interchangeable. They are so much alike, it has been thought wise to put them together. The “A” as in “all” looks just the same as “O” in long and as “au” in launder, and in learning one we learn all three.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

The victor was crowned with laurel wreaths.

They have a laurel chain at Mt. Holyoke College.

The laurel is very hard to transplant.

“Back to the land.”

Did you land the fish.

He had many acres of rich land on his farm.

They are in need of everything. Everything is lacking.

The coat lacks buttons.

What a fine little lad he is.

President Harding had a dog called Laddie Boy.

My lad is a brave fellow.

Will you have lamb for dinner.

Do you serve lamb with mint sauce.

Let me have two pounds of lamb chops.

The light of the lamp is dim.

You must fill the lamp.

The lamp has a pretty shade.

The dog likes to lap me with his tongue.

The little boy sits in his mother's lap.

A long time elapsed.

That would be called a lapse of the tongue.

THE POEM

One Touch of Nature

A lark's song dropped from Heaven.

A rose's breath at noon.

A still sweet stream that flows and flows,

Beneath a still sweet moon.

A little wayside flower

Plucked from the grasses thus

A sound—a breath, a glance—and yet

What is it they bring to us?

For the world grows far too wise
And wisdom is but grief
Much thought makes but a weary way
And question unbelief.

Thank God for the bird's song.
And for the flower's breath,
Thank God for any voice to wake
The old sweet hymn of faith.

For a world grown all too wise
(Or is it not wise enough)?
Thank God for anything that makes
The path less dark and rough.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

What a long lash that whip has!
He lashed his horse very wickedly.
He ought to be lashed himself.
This is the last time I will go.
The perfume is very lasting.
Every shoemaker should stick to his last.
She likes to wear lavender.
The artist is lavish with colors.
She lavishes kisses on her child.
I saw she was alarmed about it
Don't be alarmed, don't be frightened.
There is no cause for alarm.

Words Emphasized in This Lesson

lay—lady—lace—labor—laid—lakes—lame
lane—late—laugh—launch—laundry—lawyer
long—learn—laurel—land—lack—lacking
lamb—lamp—lap—lapse—lash—last—lad
lavish—lark—alarm—lavender

LESSON XV

CONVERSATION

It is interesting to keep a record, for a short time, of all the phrases which one reads from the lips in passing. One instance which was thrilling was when three ladies were standing in front of an alley-way in a very crowded city. A heavy truck drove up, and the driver said something to them which they could not possibly hear. But one of the ladies was a lip-reader and she repeated what he said which was, "Look out there, ladies. I'm going to drive in."

In the play of the "Ne'er Do Well," by Thos. Meighan, when the hero and heroine were at a dinner party, sitting far away from each other, the heroine said to him with her lips, "I love you," and he repeated it in the best lip-reading fashion. It was so very plain to a lip reader that one would wonder that everyone could not read it. "I love you!"

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

CONVERSATION IN THE FAMILY

Is it going to rain? Do you think it is going to rain?

Perhaps it will. What did you say?

What do you think? It is raining. It's raining very hard.

I thought it was going to rain. Are you going out?

Shall I take my umbrella? Shall I need my raincoat?

You better take it with you. I don't want to wear my rubbers.

I suppose I ought to wear them.

You will get wet if you don't look out. April showers.

April weather. It won't be your fault. It won't be my fault.

Don't look so worried. Does something trouble you?

Do you feel well this morning? Did you have a good night?

Did you sleep well? I thought you looked a little pale.

How the wind blows. I hate this wind.

The wind blows awfully. It blew me all to pieces.

It is going to be warm to-day. O, how hot it is!
It is nice and cool in the house.
The sun is very warm. We had a beautiful sunset.
Has the paper come? Please look and see.
It hasn't come yet. When will it be here? It is here.
Not yet. Very soon. Mother is reading it.
She brought it in. Shall I bring it in? I wish you would.
I should be glad to have you. I want to see what the news is.
Let's have breakfast now. It's all ready. Please come now.
Breakfast is ready. Dinner is served.
Are we all ready for dinner? Don't you ask the blessing?
I would like to have you, please. There's the bell for dinner.
We must go right down. Please be seated.
This place is for you. Over there. Will you have soup?
Will you have a glass of water? Yes, please.

Will you have an egg this morning? One or two, which?
How many will you take. Shall I boil an egg for you?
How long shall I boil them? Two minutes? Three minutes?
Good-bye! I've got to run for the train.
This toast is very nice. How good you are to make it for me.
Sometimes I burn it. What makes you burn it? I don't know.

Deaf people should be able to read everything that is said, whether it is agreeable or not. Their eyes should be very wide open all the time. Hearing people, even the kindest of them, sometimes say things that they would not say if they thought we could understand them; therefore we should let them know that we are paying attention all the time. Deaf people must not be surprised if they hear unpleasant things and sometimes have their feelings deeply hurt. Often they will understand things not intended for them to hear; people who are not deaf sometimes have the same experience. They do not mind it and we

should not. We shall be so glad that we can read what is said that we shan't care.

FOOLISH PROVERBS

Little pictures have big frames.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Children are both seen and heard.

A bird in the hat is worth two in the store.

More speed, more fines.

THE STORY

Harry Lauder says, in his book "Between You and Me," that the chance always comes to the man who is sure he can make use of it. By chance, he means opportunity, and in another place he says, in his own inimitable way:

"But opportunity is no always out seekin' doors to knock upon. Whiles she'll be sittin' hame snug as a bug in a rug, waitin' fer callers, her ear cocked fer the sound o' the knock on her door. While the knock comes, she'll lep' up and open, and that man's fortune is made from that day forth. Ye maun e'en go seekin' opportunity yerself', if so be she's slow in coming to ye."

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Do you like to write letters?

What kind of letters do you like to write?

You will need some writing paper. Have you any paper?

Do you want me to get you some?

Please lend me some paper and an envelope.

I want a stamped envelope. I have a stamp.

How many envelopes do you want? I need a good many.
I must write a letter to my friend in Boston.

This is an awful pen. I don't like it. I can't use it.

Shall I mail your letter for you?

What day of the month is it?

This is the first day of the month.

What has become of my pencil? Oh, here it is. I have it.

What happened to it? It needs sharpening.

Let me sharpen it for you. Be sure and seal your letter.

Did you address it correctly? Look and see.

What are you looking for? I am looking for my pen, and
for a piece of blotting paper.

You must be careful not to blot your paper.

I wish you would come to my room when you are through
your writing.

THE POEM

Freedom

"I can go on my way without your aid,
And lift a fearless face up to the sky,
Singing a song of thanks that I am I—
To the kind gods who made me unafraid.

"Sometimes the lonely journey has seemed long,
And I have thought and feared I needed you.
But you have taught me what I knew was true,
That only Solitude could make me strong."

—*Cecilia Loftus*

LESSON XVI

THE LETTER G, THE LETTER K, AND THE LETTER C

These three sounds are most confusing. Although as letters their names are so different, GEE—KAY—and SEE—their phonetic sound is the same. The letter “G” is always soft before “E,” “I,” and “Y” but hard before the other vowels; as we are now studying only the different sounds of “A” we proceed to the study of the hard or guttural sound of these letters. The phonetic sound is produced in the throat just back of the tongue, the lips are parted and the teeth separated. The sound may be distinctly felt by clasping the hand around the throat and saying “G—R;” the same effect is produced with “K—R” and “C—R.”

Here are the short words for practice with a hearing assistant:

gay—gar—gaw—gan—kay—kar—kaw—kan
gar—gay—gay—gaw—gaw—gan—kar—kaw
kaw—kan—gar—gan—kar—kaw—gar—gaw
gaw—gaw—kaw—kaw—gay—kay—kan—gan
gan—kan—gar—kar—gay—kay—gaw—kaw

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

She liked to gaze out of the window. We gazed far away over the mountains.

The faithful soldier stood on guard all night. He had a guardian and his guardian took good care of him.

I have begun to plant my garden. The weeds just love my garden.

“Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And fair maids all in a row.”

Mary Garden has a fortunate name. It reminds me of a lovely garden.

"Train's gone." The auctioneer says "Going, going, gone."

The poor fellow is ruined, his money's gone.

"God, who loves us, commands that we should love Him and one another."

Tiny Tim said "God bless us every one."

Her dress was made of gauze. Gall stones are dangerous things.

She has announced her engagement. Are you engaged to-day.

She will have a long engagement. I've engaged a woman to come Monday.

That was a fine game. The game is to be next Saturday.

When is the game called? She came over to see me this morning.

What is he going to gain by that? The man was walking with a cane.

He may lose more than he gains. Isn't she gay?

She came up stairs very late. The flowers are so gay and bright.

Do you like my new hat? Is it too gay?

She gave five dollars for it. I gave her a box of candy.

I think she gave too much for the candy. The wind is blowing a perfect gale.

The gale blew the trees all down. How do you heat your garage?

Where are you going? I am going out to the garage.

THE POEM

I know a lovely garden

Where bloom the sweetest flowers,
And there, from morn to even

I pass away the hours.

For love is that sweet garden
Beneath God's boundless blue,
And He looks down and blesses
My life, my love, and you.

THE GAME

Distribute paper and pencils. Ask each one to write the name of each vegetable as it is read, and see how many will have them all.

Have you a garden?

Did you ever have a garden?

I received a garden seed catalogue today.

It has fine pictures.

I know those seeds are good because I have tried them.

I like to have a garden.

I try to have something on my table from my garden every day.

(Begin writing:)

I have a little bed of *chives* which comes up very early.

It is for seasoning salads and soups.

I brought it from Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

It grows wild there.

It is near my *rhubarb* bed.

Rhubarb comes up very early.

We put boxes around it to make it grow up tall.

Mine does not get a chance to grow very tall. I am so anxious to use it.

There are *parsnips* in some gardens now, that have been out all Winter.

They are sweet and good.

The proverb says, "Fair words butter no parsnips."

Swiss Chard that was planted last Fall comes up very early.

Peas are planted early as possible.

The young *dandelions* make nice salads.

We only use the white part of the leaves.

Radishes like a warm bed.

Last year I had two dozen *cabbage* plants.

They were fine.

I like the *Savoy cabbage* best.

I had two dozen *tomato* plants.

I also had some *yellow tomatoes*.

We had six poles of *Kentucky Wonder beans*.

The *cucumbers* did not grow very well.

One row of *celery* plants is nice for garnishing and for salads.

I have a *mint* bed which comes up every year.

It is good for making mint sauce.

We had a few summer *squashes*.

There is not room for *pumpkins*.

Corn is very much better when raised in your own garden.

Words used in this game are chives, rhubarb, parsnips, Swiss chard, peas, dandelions, radishes, cabbage, Savoy cabbage, tomato, beans, cucumbers, celery, mint, squash, pumpkins, corn, potatoes, onions, carrots.

THE STORY

A teacher had a class of eight small Italian children.

She was trying to teach them to write English.

They were very anxious to learn everything and they did everything exactly as she told them to do.

She gave them sentences to write with one word missing.

She gave them these:

"I have no candy." (negative) and then gave them

"I have——candy" (affirmative.)

What do you think they wrote?

Instead of saying *some* candy, they all wrote "I have *yes* candy."

LESSON XVII

Thanksgiving Day.

Practice Sentences :

This is Thanksgiving week ; you all know that.

It is a holiday all over the country from East to West, from North to South ; the whole nation keeps Thanksgiving Day.

Are you going to be at home on this day and do you have a party or are you going away somewhere ?

This is a fine turkey.

I'm glad you like it.

Did you get it at C's or where did you find such a splendid bird.

They call it a Vermont turkey but I believe it came from Kentucky.

Which part shall I give you.

What part do you prefer ?

Light or dark meat.

I like a second joint. please, but not the whole of it.

Do you carve the turkey yourself ?

I will have a piece of both kinds of meat, if you please, both light and dark.

I want anything you like to give me for I am very fond of turkey.

Will you have some of the dressing ?

Yes, please.

Will you have gravy ? On the potato, please.

Shall I give you some cranberry sauce ?

What delicious cranberry sauce this is.

I never saw or tasted a better bird.

It is cooked just right.

Do you make a plum pudding or do you have pies or what do you have.

We like a sherbet after the turkey course.

A cranberry sherbet would be nice with wafers and then nuts and raisins.

Mrs. B. is making English Plum Puddings to sell.

They come in coffee tins and will keep a long time.

I am saving one for Thursday.

She uses a hard sauce, butter and sugar creamed and colored with grape jelly if you like, or flavored with vanilla.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

I am so glad to see you looking so well.

Oh yes, I am quite well now, thank you.

Another Thanksgiving Day!

Do you ever play games at dinner?

Sometimes it is a good plan to play a lip reading game.

We often play a game called "Come She Come." It is good practice and easily learned.

One starts and says, "Now let's play 'Come she come.'"

Another says, "All right. What do you come by?" "I come by the letter —giving the first letter of any article in the room. Then all guess what the word is. If it is difficult you can say that it is on the table or on the floor, or it is something to hold in the hand, or something to wear. This is an amusing game for old and young and it is especially good for lip readers.

THE STORY

A young woman was singing in a concert hall. Her selection was named, "I Wonder if He'll Miss Me."

She sang each verse, it was very pathetic, and the refrain came in every time with, "I Wonder if He'll Miss Me," with fervor.

Finally, a voice from the gallery called out, "Well, if he does, never let him take a gun again!"

A GAME

For an interesting exercise with a class, try the following little game :

Let the teacher spell a word beginning with a certain letter agreed upon as "H." Then ask the one who understands what the word is, to come up quickly and pronounce the word, and make a sentence with it. Allow the whole class to read her sentence. Then she spells another word beginning with "H," and the one who understands her first, comes up, gives the word, makes a sentence with it, and gives a new word.

Notice that she does not *pronounce* the *word*, only spells it, and this requires ability to read the names of all the letters.

It is excellent practice to pronounce the letters of the alphabet and study them by themselves ; also to study numbers alone and in combination.

Practice enn—emm—tee—see—dee—eff—gee—aitch—ell—pea—bee—arr—es—you—doubleyou—kay—ecks.

You will find the numbers 8—9 and 10 very puzzling, as they are strictly homophonous.

LESSON XVIII

THE LETTER "W"

Do not allow your assistant to wander from the lesson exercises. It will be very natural for her to think of other things in connection with the sentences, but if she stops to compose new phrases it will waste the time of the class, and she probably will not bring in the sounds which you are studying. Go through all the lessons, each one by itself. After you have studied each lesson thoroughly, go over the whole book again and again. To master every word in this book will give a working vocabulary of not less than 1000 words such as you often meet; you will then be prepared to take more difficult work. When reviewing, try taking two sentences at a time, or perhaps three or even more, without repeating them, just reading them off rapidly.

way—war—waft—war—waft—way—waft—way—war
way—whay—what—way—what—whay—waft—what
way—whay—whay—way—waft
way—waft

The sound of the letter "W" is peculiar. In order to give it, the lips are rounded together to make the sound of oo—oo, almost to whistle. To say way, we have to say oo—ay; it is the same with all the words beginning with "W."

For the purpose of practice we include in this lesson a few words beginning with "W" followed by "R" or "H." Notice that the "W" is silent before the "R," and that with these words we have the same motion as in the lesson on the letter "R."

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Is this the way to the Post Office? That is a short way to go.

It is hard for me to go away on Sunday. Her coat is too warm for her on a day like this.

It seems to be warm out of doors today, but it is not so warm in the house. I wish you could be there at six o'clock.

I am always awake very early, but I don't know what time it is.

The train waited for me this morning I was so late in getting to the station.

They wait just a minute for a passenger when the train is not late.

There is an old song which is called, "Wait for the wagon, and we'll all take a ride." Did you ever hear that song?

There is a proverb which says, "Time and tide wait for no man;" another proverb says, "Time and tide bring luck to the fisherman."

There is a waning moon tonight and I shall try to see it.

The moon waxes and wanes every month.

Time is the most precious thing in the world, and yet, how we waste it.

The American people are called very wasteful; do you think they are?

We weep and wail over our sins, but what good does that do, I should like to know.

The children love to wade in the water all day long at the seashore.

Sometimes we all take off our shoes and stockings and wade in the surf.

They went away this morning, and they waved their hands to us as far as we could see them. We waved our handkerchiefs to them and they waved back to us. The waves are so high today we can hear them roaring.

There is a club in Auburndale called the Wa—be—wa—wa Club. It is a canoe club and the name is an Indian name. Do you know what it means?

Can you tell how much you weigh and how much you ought to weigh?

It is said that all things come to those who wait; but sometimes they come cold; sometimes also they come C. O. D.

SOLITUDE

“I go my way, thou goest thine,
Many ways we wend,
Many days and many ways
Ending in one end.
Many a wrong and its curing song,
Many a road and many an inn.
Room to roam but only one Home,
For all the world to win.”

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

I am so thankful the war is over, aren't you? I think we should stop having wars.

Have you seen my new watch around anywhere?

Won't you go to the door and watch for the milkman or the iceman?

I have been watching for them all the morning, but it's no use watching.

I went to a waffle party yesterday and had just as many waffles as I wanted.

There seems to be a wall between us. I don't know what causes it.

Who do you suppose built that old wall? It looks as if it had been built about a hundred years ago.

Wasn't that a strange thing for him to do? It seemed so strange for him to do that, when we were all so happy.

My little dog wags his tail every time I speak to him.

That neighbor of ours is quite a wag—he always has a good joke ready.

What did you do when you went away this morning? You must have had a good time going about, and I envy you a little.

Whatever you do, it will be all right, I am sure. I do not worry about you at all, for I am sure you know how to take care of yourself.

The student will observe that the sentences in this lesson are very much longer than in anything we have previously taken. No one should attempt to read these long sentences unless he has been prepared for them by the earlier lessons. After studying faithfully the words and phrases which have been given, short sentences should easily be read, but this is not enough; it is necessary to understand long sentences as fast as they follow each other, without hesitation, and these lessons should begin to prepare for these.

SENTENCES CONTAINING HOMOPHONOUS WORDS

I want you to pull your *chair* up before the fire and warm your hands.

The boy has a large, red apple, and he will *share* it with his sister.

I think I shall have to climb on a *chair* to reach the highest shelf.

That man owns a *share* of stock in a great many different companies.

Last winter I bought a handsome new plush *chair* for my living room.

I should be glad to *share* everything I have found with you.

When you go to the store, I wish you would buy me a *bar* of Ivory soap.

We must not allow our children to *mar* the furniture.

Did you notice what was the *par* value of those stocks today?

A sandy *bar* which extends across the entrance is a great obstruction.

A bad disposition will *mar* the most beautiful face in the world.

The child was calling *Pa-pa* a long time; sometimes he changed and called for his Mamma.

THE STORY

The Two Enterprising Frogs

Just as a gamble, two frogs, in search of richer feeding grounds jumped into a bucket of cream they found standing in a brook.

"May as well give up," exclaimed one, after floundering about, vainly trying to get out. "We're goners."

"Keep on paddling," answered the other, "and we'll get there."

"No use," came from number one, "too thick to swim, too thin to jump, too slippery to crawl; bound to die anyway; may as well die now."

And he sank to the bottom and "kicked the bucket."

His companion doggedly kept on paddling, paddling, paddling.

The next morning found him perched on a mass of butter, eagerly disposing of the flies that came swarming from all directions.

THE POEM

Art thou poor yet hast thou golden slumbers?

 O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

 O punishment!

Doest thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O, sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

 Work apace, apace, apace, apace,

 Honest labor bears a lovely face.

Then hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Cans't drink the waters of the crispéd spring?

 O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth yet sink'st in thine own tears?

 O punishment!

Then he who patiently wants burden bears.

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content!

 Work apace, apace, apace apace,

 Honest labor wears a lovely face.

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny!

By Thomas Dekker.

LESSON XIX

MISCELLANEOUS SENTENCES

This lesson combines a number of situations in which it is very important that lip readers should be prepared to know what is likely to be said.

It is purposely made a long lesson, but it should be divided into several different periods adapted to the proficiency of the student.

Each division should be studied by itself, and when the whole lesson can be given to the student without repeating one phrase, it may be considered that he is on the high road to becoming a very good lip reader.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Let's go shopping. Well, what shall we buy?

Let's go to the dry goods stores. What are you going to buy?

I need some new shoes. Then we will go to the department stores.

At the Shoe Store

Good morning, Madame. What may I show you?

Right this way. Take this seat, please.

You need low shoes, you said? It was laced boots you wanted?

What size? What price do you want to pay?

About this quality? The same as these?

Indoor shoes--or out door ones? What kind do you want?

These are 5, 7, 10, 3, 3½, 4, 4½.

Will you try this on? Those aren't right.

They hurt me. Do they hurt you?

These are rather large. Anything else in my line?

I need shoe lacings. I must have some slippers.

Are these heels too high? These shoes are all worn out.

We can repair them for you. How much will it cost?
About two dollars. Perhaps two dollars and a quarter.
Shall I send them? They will go by parcel post.
That will be ten cents extra. Thank you very much.
I hope you will favor us again.

Now I have to buy a hat. Oh, that's lovely!
I like to buy hats. I don't like to at all.
It is very exhausting, and takes me a long time to select.
What kind of a hat are you going to get? I want a nice
handsome one.
Here we are. Let's go right in.

At the Milliner's

Good morning, ladies. Are you looking for something?
Here is something you might like. This is very stylish.
This is an imported model. It's really handsome.
Wouldn't you like to try it on? Is that the way it goes?
It fits your head very well. Yes, that is very becoming.
That one is not so well. I think that one is too large for you.
Step this way, please. Here is a hand glass.
That is a very nice hat. I am sure you will enjoy it.
We will make the price right for you. Do you like that color?
It has a beautiful feather. You can wear it all the year
around.
What do you think about it? It looks very stylish.
It will be nice for you, but the price is rather high.
You have to pay if you have anything good. Don't you
think so?
Shall I send it for you? If you please.
What address? It will come today, sure.
Thank you. Good morning.

At the Fruit Store

Can I serve you, Madame? We have everything this morning.

Here are some nice, big pines (or pineapples) from Hawaii. How good they are! These oranges are very cheap.

These are Floridas. These are from California.

These are from Jamaica. These are from the Isle of Pines.

Would you like to have some of these? They are Navels.

They are seedless. Those plums are fine.

The purple ones are best, but the yellow ones are very sweet.

We have red ones, purple ones, and yellow ones, all ripe.

Just look at these cherries. I must have some of those.

How much are they? How do you sell grape fruit.

These large ones are three for a quarter. Can I send it for you?

Could you send it for me? Yes, I could, very well.

Right away? No, we have no way to send it. I am sorry.

The boy will meet you at the boat (or at the station.)

Those peaches don't look very ripe. They taste better than they look.

I'm sure I hope so. These strawberries are very fine.

Let me send you a basket of grapes. Very well.

What kind have you? We have white ones—Niagaras, purple ones—Concord, and red ones—Delawares, all good.

That will be all right. Thank you, lady.

Some nuts today? English walnuts or pecans, or some of these French chestnuts?

How much a pound? Thirty-five, twenty-five, fifteen.

Dry Goods

I wish to buy a few things. I need some more stockings.

Let me see what you have. These are all silk.

These are part silk and part lisle. They will wear well.

These are all cotton, but good quality. What number?

What color? What quality?

These will shrink a little. Those will be too large, (or too small.)

Let me measure them around your fist. You can tell by that.

They look rather large. What is the price?

We have all prices here. I am sure we can please you.

We only sell this kind by the box. Three pairs in a box.

I will send them immediately. There will be no delay.

Good morning, Madame. Thank you.

At the Café

Oh, I am so hungry! Let's have lunch, now.

All right. I'm with you. Where'll we go.

Oh, wherever you like. This looks like a nice place.

I'm sure it is. What shall we have?

What do you like. Here's the bill of fare, (menu.)

They don't seem to have as much as usual, today.

I think we can find something good. Will you take soup.

Yes. What kind have they? Consommé, and pea soup.

Haven't they any chowders? I like a clam chowder and I like an oyster chowder.

Shall we have a chop or what do you think?

No, don't let's have chops. How will a steak do?

They have corned beef and potato salad.

They have beef loaf and beef stew with dumplings.

I like that. They have chicken pie.

They have all kinds of sandwiches. The apple pie looks good.

We could have apple pie with ice cream. That's always good.

[NOTE.—It would be well to take a simple bill of fare—and go through it with the student, making each one of the dishes the foundation for a set of sentences. Use French words, also, explaining them if necessary, and giving the correct accent.]

A great many people have the habit of preceding their re-

marks with some favorite expression, like, "Oh," or, "Well," or "Say," or even "M—m—m."

While this is not to be encouraged in a lip reader and would be called bad form, or bad practice, it helps the reader a great deal, as it is like a signal calling for attention. It corresponds to the Hello signal on the telephone, or to "Tention, Comp'ny," in the Army, and puts us into the mood of listening. Our friends would do well to remember this, and it would sometimes save their repeating a whole sentence.

Speaking the name—or even placing the hand lightly and gently on the arm of the reader, saves embarrassment in many cases.

THE POEM

Over and over again

No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life

Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the wheel,

I must grind out the golden grain,

I must work at my task with a resolute will

Over and over again.

The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough for the feet.

And the lesson we once have learned

Is never so hard to repeat.

Though sorrowful tears must fall,

And the heart to its depths be riven,

With storm and tempest we need them all,

To render us fit for Heaven.

Josephine Pollard.

TO THE CLASS

It makes me very sorry when you tell me you do not practice lip reading at home.

When you say that you do not have time, I feel that that is because you would rather be doing something else, which you consider of more importance at the moment.

Every one has time enough to do what he likes the best, and I know that lip reading is dull business. Could you expect to learn Greek or Latin or French or German by just one lesson a week when you just sit and listen, and never study by yourself? You have to *study* and study hard! Little by little you learn, but you learn by your *own* effort.

It makes me sad, too, when you tell me that your friends will not practice with you. It does not seem possible to me that families and friends could refuse to do this if they understood how important and valuable it is. Knowing each one of you as well as I do I am not willing to think that your families are too busy to give you fifteen minutes a day for reading over these sentences, if you give them a chance.

Are you sure that you yourself are willing to give the time? Do you realize that there is nothing else in the world of so much importance to you? Do you realize what is ahead of you? Do you wish to grow away from everybody, to have a wall growing up between you and your loved ones, to be shut out from social intercourse, to grow old alone?

I charge you, improve this opportunity, which may never come again. Study—learn—practice—work! I offer these papers and when they are returned unopened I am sad, because I know you are not accomplishing all of which you are capable.

LESSON XX

EUPHORBIA

The blind have a special language, a type called Braille, by which they are able to read. With them the light touch of the fingers supplies the sense they have lost.

The deaf are not so helpless as this, for books do not have to be printed especially for them. But when they try to read, not books, but lips, there is a special way of reading or speaking to them which is absolutely necessary.

Rarely do we find so perfect a reader who can follow a speaker without a pause. The sentences must be broken up into phrases or much will be lost.

Lip readers are able to understand short and detached phrases, but in order to learn to follow a lecturer in a long address, they should have much practices with long sentences divided into phrases, and then united into the one complete whole. Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter has written a story called "Euphorbia," and she has wonderfully and unconsciously carried out this idea which is especially adapted for lip readers. She has written it as if it were blank verse, but it is not blank verse, it is just plain prose, divided into phrases, each line beginning with a capital letter. At the end of each line, the reader would naturally make a slight pause, just long enough for the brain of the lip-reader to catch up and be ready for the next idea. Although this kind of reading may seem slow at first, it is the only way to master this style of speaking and as one must always creep before he can walk, and walk before he can run, so in lip reading the syllables and common phrases correspond to the creeping stage, these divisions into phrases correspond to the walking stage so that later when we listen to general conversation and addresses, leaping, as the subject does from one thing to another, we may be able to follow swiftly.

To illustrate this we will study in the same manner Aesop's fable called,

“ FORTUNE AND THE BOY ”

A little boy,
Quite tired out with play,
Stretched out,
And fell sound asleep
Close to the edge
Of a deep well.

Fortune came by,
And gently waking him, said,
“My dear boy,
Believe me,
I have saved your life.

If you had fallen in,
Everybody would have laid the blame
On me!
But tell me truly, now,
Would the fault have been yours
Or mine? ”

THE EUPHORBIA

The euphorbia is a plant which grows in the deserts in the western part of America. It is a low-running plant and is noted for its power to cure the bites of rattlesnakes and tarantulas.

Following are a few phrases from Mrs. Stratton-Porter's book, which give some idea of what is meant, and the whole book is recommended to be read to a lip-reading class:

“After that, Marge visited the euphorbia
Every time she passed its location.
The grateful plant speedily gave proof that
While it could exist with little water
It appreciated having an abundance.

It began to brighten, to run over the sand,
Its flowers and leaves doubled in size,
Their white margining was more strikingly defined;
Its stems showed a more vivid maroon.

And then, just when she had come to regard it
With more real affection than she felt
For any other living thing on earth,
Jacob one day appeared unexpectedly
And caught her pouring water on it.

"Why the hell are you wasting water
We need for the garden, on weeds?" he shouted.
For the first time in recent memory
Marge smiled at Jacob dissemblingly;
She tried in a stumbling way to placate him.
"I forgot to show this to you," she said.
"It's our biggest piece of luck in years.
You know they told us how like it was
That a rattler might get us in the clearing;
And Lucy Martin says this is a sure cure.
If you get a bite, you just make a clean cut
On each side of it, deep as the fangs sink:
Then you pound a piece of this to sticky paste,
Bind it on, and then forget all about it.
Lucy said so. She said it was a sure cure."

The story goes on to show how wrong a person may be, and the husband in his anger throws the little Euphorbia plant far out into the desert. A few days after, he is bitten by a rattler, and nothing can save him, as a result of his own folly.

DESERT COLORS

The following passages have been selected for their sense

training, which is to be observed in the character of the woman. Her eye becomes trained by the colors and beauty of the desert and its flowers. The teacher should call attention to the different colors and flowers and the floating clouds over the mountains. Her ear becomes attentive to the bird notes and the singing of the winds which sound to her like the music of the sea. These passages are very beautiful and should be studied especially for their descriptions of Nature as well as for their pure English.

Marge had no time for self-analysis;
She did not know that life had failed for her
Because it lacked color and cadence.
Now the desert supplied the color. . . .
She saw it in little hills of green
From silvery sage to darkest olive,
Touched with the varying purple of lupin
The vivid red of penstemon and larkspur,
Splashed with small seas of ever-shifting gold,
All blended with the pastel of cacti.
Marge saw dazing sunrise and sunset colors
On endless ranges of changing mountains,
Floating cloud banners of soft, smoky gray
From crests of blue or rose or lavender.

Her ear was wholly untrained in wild notes,
But slowly it began picking up cadence.
Something in the desert was hourly singing,
A slow, soft song of tender heart-ease;
Something answered on the mountains,
A clear hearty note of reassurance.
The winds voiced every mood of Nature
As they sang over her quiescent desert.
Some days Marge heard low, soothing sea notes;
Some days they rose to fearful insistence;

Again they trumpeted with thunder tones.
The combination began to comfort her
For the silent surliness of Jacob.

Each hour her eye grew alert in responding
To color she never before had seen.
Her heart pulsed faster in swelling throbs
To music, mostly the voice of Nature
But in small part a little personal song
Of the slowly awakening soul of her.
She knew that cacti and lupin interfered
With cultivated gardens and orchids,
But she had seen so little of beauty
That her hand rebelled before she struck.

At that instant Jacob came prowling her way,
"Are you staring at a gila monster?" he cried.
Marge drew a deep uncertain breath of protest
That slightly lifted her lean shoulders.
"I was only thinking," she said quietly.

By permission.

LESSON XXI

THE LETTERS "FR" AND "FL"

All the reading matter in this book is intended to be used for lip-reading practice. The explanations are to be read to the student, phrase by phrase, and every word learned. While the stories and poems are intended to be interesting, we should remember that the *story* is not the important thing—we read the story in order to learn to read the words we find in it.

The sentences in this lesson are for advanced students, as are also the following lessons. Only after mastering the first work in this book may we expect to be able to read this difficult and often puzzling work.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Do you understand fractions in arithmetic?

I did not understand fractions at school.

The china pitcher is very fragile.

It will be broken into fragments if you are not careful.

The child looks rather frail I think.

"Frail as the flower that perishes."

I intend to have my photographs framed.

The frame is too large for the picture.

The French franc has a normal value of about eighteen cents.

The franc is a silver piece something like our 25-cent piece.

The city gave the electric road a franchise.

A franchise is a right to build a railroad through the city.

"Be frank with your friends and confide in those who are seeking your best welfare."

Frank Jones used to be noted for his ale, but it is no longer made.

The child's mother will be frantic when she hears about it.
The motto of France is Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.
The word fraternal means brotherly.
I am sure that person is working under fraudulent pretences.
Do you think that seems like fraud?

There will be a frost to-night I am sure.
It was ten degrees above frost last night.
How frosty the air feels!
From whom is this last letter, did you say?
We rowed the boat from shore to shore.
"From darkness to light, from death to life."

The kittens were on a great frolic to-day.
They frolicked with the leaves all the morning.
I like that pretty frock you have on.
The priest wore his frock into the church.

The waves were covered with froth and foam
Did you see the dog froth at the mouth?
Frontier life is said to be very hard.
That book has a lovely frontispiece.

"A frog he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no."

There are large flakes of snow falling now.
I like to look up and watch the flakes as they fall.
The flames could be seen for many miles.
The flowers had beautiful flaming colors.
What a handsome flag that is!
It is a very large flag, and is made of silk.

That was a very flagrant and wicked act,
The men tore up the flagstones all along the street.
A flank attack is a kind of a movement in a battle.

Flannel and flannellette are very useful materials.

I do not like to see the flag flapping.

The crow flapped his wings and flew away.

Shall we have some flap-jacks for breakfast.

The light flared very brightly in our faces.

It flashed away out over the sea.

That seems rather flashy to me.

I want to give you a flask. Will you accept it?

The land is very flat and uninteresting.

What he said sounded rather flat and stale.

Why did she throw the flatiron at him, do you think?

Perhaps he only meant to flatter you.

I do not care for that kind of talk. It is flattery.

The flavor of this drink pleases me very much.

It has a delicious flavor.

There was a flaw in that title which is serious.

Linen is made from flax.

Some blonde hair is called flaxen.

I saw a flock of geese flying over last week.

A flock of pigeons come around the house quite often.

Words used in the above sentences for special study :

fraction, fragile, fragment, frail, frame, franc,
franchise, frank, frantic, fraternity, fraud, frost,
from, frolic, frock, froth, frog, frontier, frontispiece.
flake, flame, flag, flagrant, flagstone, flank,
flannel, flannellette, flap, flap-jack, flare, flash, flashy,
flask, flat, flat-iron, flattery, flatten, flavor, flaw,
flax, flaxen, flock.

THE STORY

An officer relating his adventures to some friends, told them,

that he and a single servant had once made fifty wild Arabs run. His friends stared in surprise, but he told them that there was nothing very wonderful in it after all. "For," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us!"

LESSON XXII

THE LETTERS "CL" AND "CR"

While the study of lip-reading trains the mind and is educational in its scope, a college education is not necessary in order to learn lip-reading. On the contrary, it has been found that people of no education learn lip reading very readily. Natural power of imitation is very useful; a power to mimic, to do just what someone else does, helps immensely.

Among the deafened soldiers who were studying lip-reading at Cape May, an uneducated colored boy led all the rest. He could repeat word for word, possibly without understanding much of it, making his lips go to imitate the teacher, the same as he would make his fingers move. Most of these soldiers found lip reading exceedingly difficult. They were obliged by the Government to take a certain course for three months. They learned *something*, of course, but when they came out into the world of business they found, what was true, that "people won't stop for it." Their shop-mates and associates found it easier to shout at them or to leave them alone, and they are still handicapped. Some will read better than others, and some will wisely continue their training, in time becoming good readers, but three months' training for a person who has never learned to watch the lips, is only a beginning. It requires *years* of study and practice, not only in class, but in individual drill.

People will sometimes think that they are not deaf enough to learn and that they will hear too much in taking the lessons. This is a mistake. For often the teacher does not use her voice in giving the drill, and while it is considered better to use sound, it is not necessary. One should begin this study immediately the hearing begins to fail; even should the hearing be regained, the study will be an added and useful accomplishment. Some one who visited a class in lip-reading, after

observing what work these deaf people could do, exclaimed: "Every deaf person should be *obliged by law* to learn it. Just think how much trouble it would save their friends!"

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

I think his claim is not valid.

He made a very outrageous claim for damages.

He was claiming too much that time.

The clay was too soft for working.

There is a very interesting story by Arnold Bennett called "The Clay Hanger."

We went to the shore to dig clams, and we found a great many.

Do you like a clam chowder?

He clambered down off the roof.

My hands are cold and moist and clammy.

We heard the clang of the fire bells.

The bells are clamoring and clanging.

We had a clandestine meeting.

The chains were clanking in the prison.

I shall clap my hands just as loud as I can.

We will all clap our hands.

The clapboards must be fastened.

I used to like a light wine called claret.

I have had a dress which was claret color.

The pussy cat was sharpening her claws.

We must not use the fat until it is well clarified.

I like to hear a good clarinet player.

She clasped the child to her heart.

This is the advanced class in lip-reading.

Sometimes it is well to classify our subjects.

This is my friend—my classmate.

I omitted that clause in my sentence.

She locked her closet door when she went out.

What kind of cloth is that dress made of?

Please look at the clock for me.

The man dances the clog very well.

THE STORY

While visiting the South recently, a traveller chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet in Alabama.

“Are you a native of this town?” asked the traveller.

“Am I what?” languidly asked the one addressed.

“Are you a native of the town?”

“What’s that?”

“I asked you whether you were a native of the place?”

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin, the man’s wife, tall, sallow, and gaunt.

After a careful survey of the questioner, she said:

“Ain’t ye got no sense, Bill? He means was yo’ livin’ heah when yo’ was born, or was yo’ born before yo’ begun livin’ heah. Now, answer him.”

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

The fashions seem to have a craze this year.

Did you hear that crash?

I will make you some cranberry sauce.

Be sure and cramp the wheel.

That was a fine sailing craft.

He cracked his whip and drove along.

I will get a box of crackers.

We always have crab apples.

He will have to crank the car.

Don't you think he is a little "cranky"?
Crépe de chine is a very pretty cloth.
It means Chinese crape.
She has to crawl before she can walk.
The baby crawls on her hands and knees.

Words which are especially studied in this lesson:

claim, claiming, clay, Clay Hanger, clams,
clambered, clammy, clang, clamoring, clanging,
clandestine, clanking, clap, clap-boards, claret,
claws, clarified, clarinet, clasp, class, class-mate,
clause, closet, cloth, clock, clog, craze, crash,
cranberry, cramp, craft, cracked, crackers, crab,
crank, cranky, crépe, crawl.

THE POEM

The Criss-Cross Baby

A little sprite, in bed-gown white
Just fresh from Nod-land's Isle,
Comes trailing out, with ready-made pout
And no sweet morning smile,
But in its' place, on wee brown face
A black and ugly frown.
From rosy lips to finger tips
I think the frown went down
From turned-up nose to turned-out toes
Under the small night-gown,
Oh you criss-cross baby,
You criss-cross baby,
You fretful, whining, peevish, pining
Criss-cross baby.

Fretful meeting mother's greeting
Of a bright "Good-morning!"
And worse than this,
Her proffered kiss
She treats with utter scorning.
Will not be dressed, but stands confessed
As cross as cross can be.
Then down she sits, and small brow knits,
What can the matter be,
With this criss-cross baby,
This criss-cross baby,
This fretful, whining, peevish, pining
Criss-cross baby?

"Come, come, my dear, your breakfast here
Will be as cold as ice.
Here's toast so white, and butter bright,
And milk and honey nice,
What's this? You're crying, sobbing, sighing?
What is amiss with you?"
Droops the head curly, "I dot up s'urly."
"Well, surely that is true."
Oh you criss-cross baby,
You criss-cross baby,
You fretful, whining, peevish, pining
Criss-cross baby.

ESTELLE M. H. MERRILL.

LESSON XXIII

THE LETTERS "SH"

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

Let's walk on the shady side of the street.

It is better to keep in the shade as much as possible.

I consider that rather a shady transaction.

Let's shake hands over it.

The platform is very shaky and may collapse. I am afraid of it.

The Shakers make very fine chairs and rugs.

Did you ever hear of a Shaker bonnet?

I shall not be able to go out with you this evening to the theatre.

Shall you buy a new coat this year?

Shall I open the window for you.

What a shame it is to see the laws of our country violated!

It was shameful the way those people were acting yesterday.

It was shameful, but it was so ridiculous I could not help laughing.

She was so ashamed she covered her face in a shame-faced way.

That is a very good shape for you.

The young lady is tall and shapely.

I think we had a narrow escape that time; it would be called a "close shave."

The man went to the barber shop for a shave.

Don't speak so sharp; modulate your voice.

The knife was so sharp I was afraid I should cut myself.

I wish you would sharpen my pencil for me. It is all broken.

I want to have it very much sharper than that; just as sharp as it can be.

That man is a regular sharper ; he would swindle his mother. When we go in bathing we often think of fishes and sharks. One year there were sharks around our beaches, but not lately.

Charlotte Corday was a very brave girl, although not well informed. She was a heroine of the French Revolution.

The Shah of Persia was visiting in Rome about fifteen years ago.

There was an exhibition of shawls at the hall not long ago.

Many of the shawls were very beautiful.

What a shock that must have been !

I have not intended to shock you.

The mill was used for making a kind of cloth called shoddy.

Shoddy is a mixture of cotton and wool which are worked over together.

His shop was very neat and attractive.

Shop-lifters are said to be very common about Christmas time.

How short her dress is. It is too short and ought to be lengthened.

There is a shortage of money all over Europe ; sometimes there is here !

Everybody is eating Strawberry Shortcake just now.

She has had many lessons in typewriting and shorthand.

Are you so short-sighted as that,

Do forgive my short-comings.

THE STORY

One Irishman was telling another how hot it was in Jamaica.

He said it was 110° in the shade a good many times. "But," said the other, encouragingly, "you don't have to stay in the shade all the time, do you?"

A man was complaining to a friend about his talkative wife. He said she did nothing but talk, talk all the time. The friend said, "What does she talk about?" and the man replied, "She doesn't say!"

A story was told about a man who, after he had died, came to a place where there were two roads with two sign boards. One of the boards said, "To Hell"; the other said, "To Heaven."

The man had not been a good man; he knew it well, and he did not expect anything good to happen to him, so he turned to the road marked "To Hell," and started on his way.

A stranger who was standing near, said to him, "Are you sure that is your road?" The man replied that it was. But the stranger, pointing to the other one said. "This road looks very good. Hadn't you better try this one?"

When the above story was told, the story teller paused, and nothing was said for a moment.

Then some of the listeners said, "Is that all?" "What's the rest of it?" "I don't think that's much of a story." Another said, "Pretty short!" Another said, "We have to make *that* story ourselves. You put all the work on us." But another one said no word, but gave the story-teller a long look which meant more than words.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

The man looked so shabby I did not know what to say.

A grapefruit is sometimes called a shaddock.

Shall I buy a shad to-day? There is nothing any better.

The prisoners were cruelly shackled.

She is afraid of her shadow.

There was a bright shaft of light coming in through the window.

What a shaggy little dog you are!

The water there is very shallow.

A row-boat is sometimes called a shallop.

That is nothing but a sham.

You must not shamble when you walk.

We are going to have a shampoo. Won't you come with us.

I shan't know what you mean if you speak that way.

That will shatter all your ideals.

My little cottage is so small it is almost a shanty, but I like it.

Words especially studied in this lesson :

shady, shade, shake, shaky, Shakers, shall, shan't, shame, shameful, ashamed, shape, shapely, shave, sharp, sharpen, sharper, sharks, Charlotte, Shah, shawls, shock, shoddy, shop, shop-lifter, short, shortage, short-cake, short-hand, short-sighted, short-comings, shabby, shaddock, shad, shackled, shadow, shaft, shaggy, shallow, shallop, sham, shamble, shampoo, shatter, shanty.

LESSON XXIV

THE LETTERS "ST."

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

She declared that she was going to look for a position on the stage.

We must be ready to take the stage when it comes.

I used to love to ride on a stage coach.

"Stage-coach" is a good game that children like to play.

The carpenter puts up a good, strong staging before he begins his work.

I thought the bread was rather stale today.

The little flower has a great many stamens.

What a state his clothes were in when he came home!

Every State in the Union has its own motto.

Have you been up to the State House lately?

It is very stately and grand.

He offered to make a statement of just how his affairs stood.

Daniel Webster was one of our greatest statesmen.

Shall I meet you at the Rail Road station tonight?

She said she would stay all night.

He put the horses in the stable, and came into the house.

The Stadium was just crowded that afternoon.

That is the Evening Star over there.

I can't remember the names of many of the stars.

I wish she would use a little more starch when she does the laundry.

Starboard and larboard are terms used on board ship.

When does the boat start?

I thought we should all starve to death we were so hungry.

She stood stock still when he spoke to her.

The pioneers used to build an enclosure called a stockade.

He had a large stock of goods in his store.

He has to take account of his stock very often.

The stable had stalls for six horses. Some were box stalls.

The Governor has a large number of men on his staff.

Did you see that man stagger when he went past us?

That is a very handsome statue. I enjoy looking at a group of statuary.

The law makes a great many different statutes.

Words used in these practice sentences: stage, stagecoach, staging, stale, stamens, state, stately, statement, statesman, station, stay, stable, stadium, star, starch, starboard, starve, stock, stockade, stall, staff, stagger, statue, statuary, statutes.

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A SMILE?

It costs nothing but creates much.

It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in a business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and Nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody till it is given away!

For nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give!

“MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE”

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires so new, but now you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattlebox, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed, and thy seats are worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, and good folks choke and sneeze while we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling “ice”—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grip, thy spark-plugs have the slip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague, and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills, since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank-roll now; no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, in spite of every dun, I'd buy myself a car again, and speed some more!

A RIDDLE

Why is the fireplace like a very nice young lady?

Because it is good company.

Because it doesn't smoke.

Because it is nice and warm to sit close to.

Because it is snappy.

If a colored waiter carrying a turkey on a platter should drop it, what would be the effect upon the world?

The destruction of China, the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the humiliation of Africa.

Why is a watch like a river?

Because it can't run long without winding.

BRAIN TEASERS

If Abraham Lincoln was born on Feb. 12, 1809, in what season of the year was this?

How long does it take the sand to run through an hour glass?

Tell me in a few words what you know of the Swiss navy?

When was the War of 1812?

Who was the author of Macaulay's History of England?

What two countries were engaged in the Spanish American War?

Of what nationality is the Crown Prince of Wales?

Who was King of England in the time of Henry VIII?

Two good games for lip readers:

From the pantry shelf procure ten small bottles with corks, such as are used for homeopathic pellets. Fill each one with something from the pantry. Number them by marking on the corks. Have each player supplied with pencil and paper and make a list of ten; then have all examine the bottles and guess their contents. Fill the bottles with the following articles and number the bottles to correspond:

No. 1, Ginger; 2, Mace; 3, Cinnamon; 4, Clove, 5, Cocoa; 6, Mustard; 7, Pepper; 8, Nutmeg; 9, Turmeric; 10, Soda.

The second one is a guessing game:

Pass pencils and papers, and give out the questions in the following game: Give each person a paper with seven questions at a time, numbering all the questions. There are twenty-one questions, and the answers follow:

1. What is the favorite cake of the furniture dealer?
2. Of the farmer?

3. Of the carpenter?
4. Of the politician?
5. Of the tired man?
6. Of the soldier?
7. Of the miser?
8. Of the girl?
9. Of the minister?
10. Of the bird?
11. Of the bee?
12. Of the geologist?
13. Of the lover?
14. Of royalty?
15. Of the squirrel?
16. Of the lazy man?
17. Of the recluse?
18. Of the milliner?
19. Of the thirsty man?
20. Of the wicked man?
21. Of the patriot?

ANSWERS

1. Walnut
2. Hoe
3. Pound
4. Election
5. Loaf
6. Doughnut
7. Gold, poor man's, or one egg
8. Bride
9. Wedding
10. Seed
11. Honey
12. Rock
13. Date
14. Prince Albert

15. Nut
 16. Sponge
 17. Hermit
 18. Ribbon, or feather
 19. Cup
 20. Devils' Food
 21. Washington Pie
-

A READING LESSON

As a final exercise in these lessons, it is well to take the Parables of our Lord. They will be found the best of practice. These two which are used here are written in the same manner as in Lesson XX on the Euphorbia, which gives it an easier approach to the lip reader. All of the Parables are to be studied in preparation for reading public speakers, sermons, and addresses, and as examples of pure English.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

From St. Mark IV

Behold,
There went out a sower to sow;
And it came to pass, as he sowed,
Some seed fell by the wayside,
And the fowls of the air
Came and devoured it up.
And some fell on stony ground,
Where it had not much earth;
And, immediately, it sprang up,
Because it had no depth of earth.
But when the sun was up,
It was scorched;
And because it had no root,
It withered away.

And some fell among thorns,
And the thorns grew up,
And choked it,
And it yielded no fruit.

And other fell on good ground,
And did yield fruit,
That sprang up and increased;
And brought forth,
Some thirty, and some sixty,
And some an hundred.

Know ye not this parable?
The sower soweth the word,
And these are they
By the wayside
Where the word is sown;
But when they have heard,
Satan cometh
Immediately,
And taketh away the word
That was sown in their hearts.
And these are they likewise
Which are sown on stony ground;
Who, when they have heard the word,
Immediately,
Receive it with gladness;
And have no root in themselves,
And so endure but for a time;
Afterward,
When affliction or persecution ariseth,
For the word's sake,
Immediately
They are offended,
And these are they

Which are sown among thorns ;
Such as hear the word,
And the cares of this world,
And the deceitfulness
Of riches,
And the lusts of other things entering in,
Choke the word,
And it becometh unfruitful.

And these are they
Which are sown on good ground ;
Such as hear the word,
And receive it,
And bring forth fruit,
Some thirty fold, some sixty,
And some an hundred.
He that hath ears to hear,
Let him hear.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

(From the French) St. Luke X

But this man, a *docteur*,
Wishing to appear very just,
Said to Jesus :
“And who is my neighbor ?”
And Jesus,
Taking the word,
Replied to him as follows :
“A man went down from Jerusalem,
To Jericho,
And fell into the hands of thieves,
Who stripped him ;
And after having wounded him

With many blows,
Went away from him,
Leaving him half dead.
Now, it happened,
That a *sacrificateur* came down
By that way, there,
And having observed the man,
He passed along.

A Levite also,
Being come into the same place,
And observing him there,
Passed along.

But a Samaritan,
Passing that way,
Came to the man,
And looking at him,
Was touched with compassion;
And drew near to him.
He bound up his wounds,
And he poured in upon them,
Oil and wine;
Then he put him upon his saddle horse,
And carried him to an inn,
And took care of him.

The next day, when he was going away,
He took out two pennies of silver,
And gave them to the inn keeper,
And said to the inn keeper,
"Take care of this man,
And all that thou spendest more,
I will repay thee
Upon my return."

“Which one, then, of these three,
Seems it to thee, to have been the neighbor
Of that one
Who had fallen into the hands
Of the thieves?”
The *docteur* replied,
“It is that one
Who exercised pity towards him.”
Jesus said to him:
“Go, and do thou likewise.”

“How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!”
And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
‘To-morrow we will open!’ I replied;
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
‘To-morrow!’ ”

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Lip Reading Made Easy

PART TWO

As the student of lip reading progresses, it is often necessary to have something ready to read aloud. These essays and stories are intended for this. Each article is to be studied, and the words and phrases familiarized, not only for their content, but as practice material.

They should be read over by the teacher or assistant, until every word is clearly understood.

“Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang;
Dare, never grudge the throe!”

—*R. Browning.*

PIERRE AND CAMILLE

By A. de Musset, 1810-1857—Transliterated from the French

The French Abbot de l'Epeé who died in 1789 was among the first to interest himself in the instruction of the deaf. At that time, no distinction was made between the deaf and the hard of hearing or between those who were born deaf and those who became deaf later in life; all were classed as deaf and dumb and treated with cruelty and contempt.

Alfred de Musset, a noted French writer, called attention to this situation in his powerful story entitled "Pierre et Camille," written a few years after the death of l'abbé de l'Epeé.

The story begins in a French family with a well-to-do gentleman and his young wife. It describes their pleasant home and when an infant comes into the world, beautiful as the day—*beau comme le jour*—their happiness was complete.

The child grew and developed quite naturally, but it was not long before her parents found that the poor little Camille was deprived of hearing and, in consequence, of speech.

This came as a terrible blow to the parents. It was considered to be a curse from Heaven. The father was so crushed that he refused to see the child and the mother—and went away on long journeys trying to forget all. The mother, however, loved the child with sincerest devotion and at one time when her own mother dared to remark that it would have been better that the child had never been born, she turned angrily upon her with the question, "What would you have done then if *I* had been thus?"

There was an uncle in the family, however, who did not consider it such a terrible misfortune that his little niece should be mute. He looks at it in a very amusing way. He says something in this vein:

"I have had a wife so talkative that I regard everything in the world, no matter what it may be, as preferable to that.

"This little one is sure, at any rate, never to make any im-

proper remarks, nor to listen to any; nor to provoke the whole house by singing old airs from the opera, which are all alike. She will not be quarrelsome, she will not scold the servants, which my wife never ceased doing; she will not awaken if her husband should cough a little, or even if he rises a little earlier than she in order to have an eye on his workmen; she will not be too ambitious; she will be discreet; she will *see* very clearly, the deaf have good eyes; she will be able to make out bills and accounts when she learns to count upon her fingers, and to pay, if she has the money, but without quibbling and disputing as some property owners do over the smallest masonry job.

"She will know for herself, one very good thing which usually is learned with difficulty, that it is much better to *do* than to *say*.

"If she has the heart in the right place people will see it without her being obliged to put honey upon the tongue.

"She will not laugh in company, it is true; but she will not have to listen at dinner to the tiresome speakers who make long speeches. She will be pretty, she will have a lively spirit, she will not make a noise. She will not be obliged, as are the blind, to have a dog lead her when she goes to walk.

"My faith, if I were young, I would be glad to marry her when she is grown up, and to-day, old as I am, and without children, I would take her very willingly into my own house as my daughter if by chance you should get tired of her."

But little Camille went on her happy way not knowing what the others were thinking. Her mother loved her, everyone was kind, and she knew very little about her misfortune.

When she was sixteen, her mother insisted upon her going into society, and one evening they went across a narrow river to attend a ball. In returning, the coachman tried to ford the stream, the carriage was upset: he tried to save them both, but finding it was too much for him, the mother loosened her hold and sank into the water in order that her little daughter might be saved.

After this sad event, little Camille became very lonely and melancholy. Her uncle Geraud, the master mason, the same one who wished to adopt her now came to care for her. After a while he takes her to Paris. They go to the Opera, where she is much admired, so much so that she observes it; she wishes to leave and "she began to feel most bitterly the *male-diction of Heaven.*"

Her uncle hastened to go to bring her mantle and wraps, but at that moment she perceived near her, in the gallery, a young man who had in his hand a small slate upon which he was tracing some letters and figures, with a white crayon. He showed this slate to his neighbor who appeared to understand it at once and answered in the same manner. They both exchanged at the same time certain signs, by opening and closing the fingers, which seemed to serve them for communicating ideas. Camille did not understand what they were doing, but she saw that they *did not move their lips.*

She saw that the young man spoke a language in which he found a way to express himself without that *fatal movement of the mouth* so incomprehensible to her, and which made her thoughts so unhappy.

She observed him attentively and when he passed the slate to his friend she made an involuntary movement to take it in her own hands. The young gentleman turned quickly and looked at her. They gazed into each other's eyes and remained immovable. Then in an instant they understood each other and both said to themselves, "*We are mute.*"

The young man seated near Camille was one of the pupils of the Abbot de l'Epeé. He had been educated by writing and by the sign language, and he was of a very wealthy and distinguished family. He was the Marquis de Maubray.

Camille went home from the Opera full of excitement; she desired her uncle to write for her, and after much thought he wrote the word "Camille." Her education then began. It was

her name! She could not sleep for her crowding thoughts, and as she sat by her window in the moonlight, suddenly she saw the figure of a young man, beautifully dressed, which was moving about in the courtyard below. He was watching her as she was sitting at her window, and before she realized it he had climbed up and was in her room.

It was the Marquis de Maubray!

He had followed her from the Opera and had made up his mind to have her for his wife. After reaching her room, he did not know how to communicate with her, but seeing the piece of board near her on which was written the name "Camille," he took the crayon and beside it wrote his own name—"Pierre."

Suddenly a great bass voice cried, "What is this that you are about?"

"Who is this that makes a rendezvous here? How have you introduced yourself here, Monseieur? What do you want here in this house?" It was the uncle, Giraud, who spoke thus, entering with a furious aspect, in his *robe de chambre*. "Look at this beautiful thing!" he continues. "God knows how little I sleep, and at least if you, Mademoiselle, had made any noise it is not with your tongue. What shall we do with these beings who find nothing easier than to scale a wall? What do you intend to do, Monsieur? To ruin a family, to disgrace them, those who have an honorable name——" But he suddenly discovers that the young man does not hear him either! He wrings his hands! He is distracted!

But the young Marquis seizes the crayon and the piece of board and writes upon it—"I love Mlle. Camille; I wish to marry her. I have 20,000 livres of *reutes*. Do you wish to give her to me?"

Under these circumstances it only remained to consult the father, who, after much incredulity and some objection and after consulting with the curé of the village, yielded a reluctant

consent. The wedding followed; one does not need to say that it was a *quiet* wedding. Pierre had studied the formulas and knew when to incline his head and make the sign of assent; Camille did not try to do anything or understand anything. She looked at her husband and bowed her head the same as he.

The story goes on to describe their happiness, their beautiful surroundings and the education which was given to Camille by the good Abbott and his assistants. She learns to read and to write and to use the sign language. She writes a letter to her father and invites him to come to see her. She speaks of their anxiety about the little child whether he will be a deaf mute or an "entendant-parlant," a speaking-hearing person. When her father at last comes, Camille runs to meet him and cannot restrain her tears, but the chevalier fixes his regard upon the child. He draws back when they present the little one to him and he exclaims with grief, "Another mute!"

But Camille took her little son in her arms, she placed her finger upon his lips, as if inviting him to speak. The child hesitated a moment, then pronounced very distinctly these two words which the mother had made him to learn in advance: "Bon-jou', pa-pa."

The Sundial

Backed by the yew-trees' hues of night
How richly glows the dial's white;
But skirted by nasturtiums gay
How quiet is the dial's gray.

O who would not a dial be?
To stand for centuries and see
The trees, the grass, the garden flowers,
And number only sunny hours.

DR. BELL AND THE TELEPHONE

Prof. A. Graham Bell, who has recently died, is known as the Friend of the Deaf. It was while searching for something to help deaf people that he discovered the principle of the telephone, and when he received the 50,000 francs prize for his invention of the telephone he gave the money to the Volta Bureau to assist deaf people.

The Volta Bureau has a handsome large building in Washington where all materials pertaining to deafness and all kinds of statistics and publications are preserved for reference. A magazine called *The Volta Review* is published especially for the deaf and for the purpose of distributing all kinds of knowledge which would help those whose hearing is impaired.

Dr. Bell's first work was in teaching speech to deaf children: he early observed that they could be taught to understand language by watching the lips. His wife had lost her hearing in childhood. He discouraged the use of signs which had been used in the Institutions for the deaf for many years and became convinced that the eyes could be trained to do the work. This interest of Dr. Bell's has been an immense help to all deaf people and they owe to him a great debt of gratitude.

Did you ever stop to think what it would be if you could not hear? You will say, "I cannot imagine it," and you never could. No one would believe what a trial it is, without actual experience. When the deafness comes gradually, it is as if a wall were shutting you into a living grave, and when it comes suddenly all at once, even over night, as sometimes happens, there seems no remedy.

It is a little remarkable that three different magazines this year have published articles founded on lip reading. Harper's Magazine for March has a love story by Alice Brown, in which both the lovers are deaf. It is ridiculous and impossible, but it shows a kindly interest in the subject. The Atlantic for January has a long psychological study by a deaf writer, and the

March *American* has an article by Carolyn Wells giving some of her own experiences. If this continues, we shall have too much publicity, and even now, people are somewhat afraid of us, and think we read much better than we do—almost read their thoughts.

But there are many things lip readers cannot do. It sounds rather absurd to say that we cannot read the lips if we cannot see them. We cannot read the back of your head, nor when you toss remarks over your shoulder, nor when you move your head from side to side; and yet, it is really encouraging and satisfying, sometimes, to have our friends do these things, for then we know we are making progress, and that our friends are beginning to forget that we are deaf. It is easier to read the lips directly in front than in profile; half profile is the usual position, and the one most to be desired. We can't read lips in the dark; how many hours we spend keeping our thoughtless friends company on a dark veranda, or for many miles in a dark automobile!

We are obliged to remind our friends again and again not to stand in front of a window when they speak to us. They see our faces so well that they do not realize that their own faces are in shadow.

Just give us a good light, a natural speaker, and a little patience, and you may be surprised sometime; but don't expect too much. It is true that there are some people who do not seem to be able to learn to read the lips, just the same as there are some individuals who cannot learn to read books. Possibly this is for lack of proper training, or because they are not willing to learn, or to take the necessary time for it. Our Federal Government understood the importance of lip reading, for when several hundred soldiers returned from the Great War deafened, helpless and discouraged, they were sent to the best teachers in the country to be taught. The Government obliged them to take the lessons. They were sometimes unwilling and unbe-

lieving, but they took the course provided for them, and they learned—they had to—and they are returned to lives of usefulness.

Dr. Bell gave very much to the deaf, his life was spent in their service; deaf people would never wish to take away from hearing people such a convenience as the telephone is to them, but in inventing the telephone he placed upon all deaf people a heavy burden, one which nothing as yet has been able to lift. That awful question, "Can you hear the telephone?" has sounded the death knell to many bright hopes. However, let us not be wholly discouraged. If we cannot *hear* well at the telephone, we can *talk* into the telephone, the other party can hear us, and with patience we may still use it. We know that many ingenious minds are working on these problems, and by and by even this burden may be lifted.

The Telephone

Deaf people should not be afraid to use the telephone. It is a great help to our lives, and it is worth some considerable effort to learn to use it; instead of *yielding* to the difficulty, we must try to overcome it.

There is not so very much to *hear* at the telephone; the new automatic system of calling by means of a dial, is an immense step, in advance, and obviates the tiresome conversation with "Central." We are surely able to *talk* at the phone, and we can give orders to the market, we can call the doctor, or plumber, without any trouble.

Suppose we *don't* always understand what is said, this is not unusual, even with hearing people. Many times it is impossible for any one to hear, and yet they keep on trying, until finally they get the message through.

Mark Twain was noted for his profanity, especially at the telephone, and some people have had to be threatened with removal of the instrument, because they were so insulting to the

operator; and they were not deaf, either! Surely, we ought to be granted a little patience, and we should insist upon receiving it.

It is often very inconvenient for our friends to stop and telephone for us, they are so busy. We may have to wait for days. Besides this, we are obliged to explain our business to them in full, and if it is a member of our own family, we may have to stop and argue about it with them, which is very annoying. Far better is it for us to be independent, to put our pride in our pockets, and *train* ourselves to use the phone.

Begin with a friendly person, and tell her what you are trying to do, that you want to learn to use the phone without being nervous. Then add another friend, and another, until you have a list of all you would usually call.

From this small beginning you may obtain a list of all you would usually need to call. You will notice that the one you call will change his voice almost at once, because he will recognize your voice. If he does not, you may say, "I don't hear very well, you know," and it will serve as a reminder. It is wise to repeat what is said to you, to be sure that you have the message correctly, and if you have a little patience you will find the telephone a really good friend.

A GREEK POEM

When the wind on the gray salt sea blows softly, then my weary spirits rise, and the land no longer pleases me, and far more doth the calm allure me.

But when the hoary deep is roaring, and the sea is broken up in foam, and the waves rage high, then lift I mine eyes unto the earth and trees, and fly the sea, and the land is welcome, and the shady wood well pleasing in my sight.

Surely an evil life lives the fisherman, whose home is his

ship, and his labours are in the sea, and fishes thereof are his wandering spoil.

Nay, sweet to me is sleep beneath the broad leaved plane tree. Let me love to listen to the murmur of the brook hard by, soothing, not troubling, the husbandman with its sound.

Moschus.

THE WAY OF THE WHITE SOULS

(To the memory of Joyce Kilmer, killed in action, July 30, 1918)

I stood in the summer night, when the hosts of heaven seemed
nigh,

And I saw the powdery swirl of stars, where it swept across
the sky,

The wide way of the white stars, where it ran up and down,
And my heart was sad for the man who said it was Main street,
Heaventown.

He chose to walk in the Main street, in the wide ways of men;
He set wings to the common things with the kind touch of his
pen;

He caught the lilt of the old tune that the hearts of the plain
folk beat;

He might have dreamed on the far faint hills—but he walked
in the Main street.

He knelt down with his fellows, in the warm faith of the
throng;

He went forth with his fellows to fight a monstrous wrong;
He marched away to the true tune that the hearts of brave men
beat,

Shoulder to brown 'shoulder, with the men in the Main street.

A road runs bright through the night of Time, since ever the
world began,
The wide way of the white souls, the Main street of man,
The sky-road of the star-souls, beyond all wars and scars;
And there the singing soul of him goes on with the marching
stars.

So, as I stand in the summer night, when the hosts of heaven
seem nigh,
And look at the powdery swirl of stars, where it sweeps across
the sky,
The wide way of the white stars, where it runs up and down,
My heart shall be glad for the friend who said, it was Main
street, Heaventown.

Helcn Gray Cone in Scribner's Magazine. (By Permission)

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD

A MOTION PICTURE PLAY

There is a play called, "The Silent Voice," which has for its leading motive a knowledge of Lip reading. This play has been used in making a motion picture which is called "The Man who Played God." It is a very interesting play, and was being shown in different theatres in Philadelphia all last winter.

The scene is laid in Vienna, where a very handsome young musician is in the height of his fame. His instrument is the piano, and he is married to a beautiful girl, who adores him.

He receives an invitation to play at the Court before the Emperor. He is delighted with this invitation, and the scene shows him and his beautiful wife being received by all the royalty. Everything goes very well; he is about to play, has taken his seat at the piano, and everyone is listening for his first notes when there is a loud explosion, which throws the room in darkness. The musician is thrown from his seat; the lights go out, and everything is in confusion. A bomb has been thrown into the palace. Gradually the lights come back, and the excitement subsides; but suddenly the artist puts his hands up to his ears, and he is shocked to find that he has lost the power of hearing. He has the sympathy of everyone, but he becomes distracted, and rushes off the stage with his wife following him, almost as distracted as he is. After this there are other scenes which show him maddened with his sufferings. Everything is changed for him. He has no patience with anything or anybody, and his whole disposition is different. From being a courteous and affectionate husband he becomes surly and overbearing and ugly. He finds fault with everything and everybody, and will not adapt himself to his changed conditions. The wife is patient and willing to do everything possible, but is finally obliged to leave him alone with his old faithful servant. The servant is wise and patient and gradually begins to help him to read the lips.

The musician takes up lip reading very quickly and becomes wonderfully expert. This is unknown to his wife, and they still remain separate.

One day he is sitting at his window, which overlooks a lovely park in a large city. He is watching an old couple who are walking slowly along. They seem to be sad, and the woman is weeping.

Out of curiosity he takes his opera glass and watches them and as he watches them, he finds that he can read what they are saying. They are desperate. They cannot keep the poor home any longer, and must give it up and go to separate places, dependent upon charity.

He watches their conversation, and he resolves to try to help them. He calls his servant, directs him to go down to make the acquaintance of these old people, to find out where they live, and ascertain in what way he can help them best.

The servant goes all the more willingly because he is delighted to have his master becoming more interested in life, and in the following scenes both are shown visiting the old people in their home, and providing for their future.

Again the deaf man sees a young couple, who are in some trouble. He watches their conversation, and again the servant goes and makes their happiness possible.

So it goes on, and after a while he begins to know the true happiness which comes from making others happy.

In the meantime, his wife has formed a friendship with a man who loves her, and who wishes to persuade her to leave her husband and to marry him. She is suffering and unhappy, but she remains true.

Then, one day, he sees them come walking into the Park. He watches them eagerly, he sees the would-be lover making these proposals to his wife, telling her how useless it is for her to cling to such a man, who can never make her happy, and will only make her miserable. He watches it all with a bursting

heart, but he reads the noble reply which his wife makes, and he returns to hope again.

In the last scenes the deaf man is seen in an organ loft in a large cathedral. He is alone and it is dark. He wishes to touch the keys of the organ, and while in former times he would only touch them to pound them in anger, now he caresses them.

As he leaves the organ he becomes confused, and acts like a blind man, slowly feeling his way around. He staggers, and all of a sudden he falls. He seems to have some unusual sensation in his head, for he throws his hands up to his ears, and he finds that his hearing has returned. So again, in the last scene we see him happy, with his hearing restored, united with his faithful wife and with his music, and the world is bright again.

The play would have been more true to life, if it had ended on the high note taken, when he finds that his wife is faithful to him. To recover one's hearing might happen once in a while, but not very often, and we who are deaf know how it is. We have a life sentence.

The play might well show some of the difficulties which accompany learning to read the lips: the long dull hours of repeating foolish and apparently useless syllables and phrases; the struggle with different speakers, and the overpowering discouragement which often appears. We see nothing of this in the play—only, he has learned lip-reading and he makes good use of his knowledge.

“Friends who are true friends will only love you the more, and no one who is worth having for a friend will think any the less of you.” We see this illustrated over and over.

One very kind-hearted and generous man stated that her deafness was what attracted him chiefly towards his wife, when he first met her. He felt that he could help her, and could do

something for her which no one else could do, and he loved her for that. We must adopt the noble motto of Sarah Bernhardt, one which she adopted early in life and followed consistently: "*Quand même!*" "In spite of all."

A VALENTINE PARTY

I went to a Valentine Party last week. It was at the Speech Readers Guild at 339 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. It was a very pretty party. They had made a wooden frame and covered it with lace paper and red hearts. The center was an oval and the pictures were copies of old valentines.

There were six tableaux. No. 1 was Evangeline and Gabriel. No. 2 was Katherine and Petruccio from "The Taming of the Shrew." No. 3 was Romeo and Juliet. No. 4 was Robin Hood and Maid Marian. No. 5 was John Alden and Priscilla. No. 6 was Dante and Beatrice.

Before the tableaux, a young lady, dressed in white crimped paper trimmed with hearts and red streamers, came in front of the curtain and held up two jars filled with small red sugar hearts. She asked everyone to guess how many were in each bottle and the one who guessed the nearest was to have the whole. There were 241. The second bottle she offered in the same way, and all guessed again, but come to find out it was 241 also, but no one had guessed that.

Before the tableaux, a lady from Dorchester read a very interesting account of the origin of the Valentine. They were first made in this country by a young lady who lived in Worcester, Mass., in 1847. Her name was Esther Howland. She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College. Her father was a dealer in books and stationery, and she often helped him in his work.

In the shop, in that year, she found a sort of a Valentine

which came from Germany; she admired it very much and tried to make one like it. This one was so much admired, that she made more, improving on them all the time, and she found they had a ready sale. She sent to New York for lace paper and materials and a market was soon created for them, until she could not make enough to supply the demand. The business grew till she was having an income of many thousands a year. Mt. Holyoke is very proud of her memory.

At this Valentine Party there were a good many Valentines on exhibition fastened to screens and under glass, and a number of the funny verses were read. After the exhibition, tea was served.

The Tableaux were as follows:

No. 1.—Evangeline and Gabriel. These two lovers lived in a part of Nova Scotia called Acadia. It was French property, and when the English took possession of Nova Scotia, the French nation obliged the French to leave and to go to the French possessions in Louisiana. Gabriel was a fine young fellow, and he and Evangeline were betrothed. He was to go to their new country and she was to follow him later. They became separated, and she wandered from one place to another trying to find him. A description of her wanderings, when she often came very near him, but just a little too late, until at the last she found him when he lay dying, is found in a long poem written by Henry W. Longfellow. Many people now visit Nova Scotia for the sake of seeing Evangeline's Country, as it is called.

No. 2. The story of Katherine and Petruccio was illustrated by a very savage looking lover and a horrified looking lady. This is taken from Shakespeare's play in which a bad-tempered girl is starved, scolded, and brow beaten by a brute of a husband until she is willing to become what he thinks a wife should be. They struggle for a while but finally become united,

and Katherine sees the folly of her ill-tempered ways. She declares to her friends, that,

“Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one who cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.”

No. 3. Romeo was impersonated by a handsome dark young lady in a black velvet costume with wide silk sash, and Juliet was a beautiful fair girl decked with pearls and a pearl head dress.

No. 4. Robin Hood was in green with an archery costume, and Maid Marian a pretty country girl.

No. 5. John Alden was the stern Puritan lover, and Priscilla in white cap and gray gown was the demure maiden who could make a roguish reply when necessary.

No. 6. Dante was in black with a hood and cloak, the image of melancholy. He was being led through Paradise and Purgatory by the hand—by sweet Beatrice—a lovely girl with long braided hair.

The story of Esther Howland was told by Miss H. Eugenia Bruce, whose family were personally acquainted with Miss Howland.

From a Sun Dial

I mark Time's rapid flight
From Life's glad morning to its solemn Night,
But by the dear God's love I also show
The light above me by the shade below.

WHAT DEAF PEOPLE CAN DO TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR THEMSELVES AND THEIR FRIENDS

There is a proverb which says: "Have you a friend? Do not let the grass grow between you and your friend." We must remember that we are dependent upon our friends for much of our happiness. If we allow them to forget us, we are the losers; but if we show ourselves friendly by kind and gentle ways, we may be able to keep the friends we have and add to their number even after we have lost our aural sense. In looking back over a long life with steadily progressive deafness, a lady declared that all her best friends had come to her through her being hard of hearing, and she had had many friends.

The advice of Shakespeare is to be remembered:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Keep all your friends. Make all the acquaintances you possibly can, for from these acquaintances are to come your new friends. And in order to make friends you must be open and friendly. Be friendly with every one, and do not be afraid to *show* your love. Be appreciative of their good qualities. Do not go out of your way to flatter, but when they do something that you admire, *say so*. "A little praise, goes a great ways." And let them help you, too. It is by doing for others that love is developed, and with the pity they feel for you, will come love.

In the stories which are quoted in this book, the characters of the deaf people are represented as being angelic: they have no faults; they are always sweet tempered and patient and good. This is far from being the case in real life. Deaf people are constantly annoyed by not hearing and it is very trying to the patience and to the nerves. It is hard for their friends and

families but infinitely harder for them. They realize that they are exasperating, that they seem contrary and stubborn and ill-mannered, that they are often inattentive and are always interrupting and making blunders, and they don't enjoy it. They are afraid to ask questions, and yet they are obliged to or to be kept in ignorance. Their questions seem ridiculous and out of place, and often are answered so hurriedly and carelessly that they get no information at all. They are obliged to change their dispositions completely in order to adapt themselves to the life they now must lead. At first, they try to pretend that they hear when they do not, then follow awful blunders and roars of laughter from those around them. The joke will be repeated many times, always with much amusement to those who hear; but alas! not to the poor sufferer. It is fun for the boys to throw the stones, but death to the frogs. If, after such an experience, they decide that it is better to announce their deafness at once, they find that no one will speak to them, that people deliberately avoid them, that if they begin a subject of conversation, it is grasped immediately by those around them and their effort is wasted, it drifts away. It was their subject. They wanted to be included in the discussion, but no one considers it, or thinks it worth while to enlighten them.

Deaf people do not *like* to shut themselves away from everybody. They do not want to mope, they do not want to be accused of having false pride, of being too self-conscious, of being over-sensitive; all these things they have to avoid. They become timid, self-denying, forgiving, patient. They become afraid of "what people will think," and life becomes too difficult if they are not careful. If, under these circumstances, they become sarcastic and bitter, suspicious and jealous, selfish and shirking of their duties, no one can wonder; the wonder is that they do not. For it is true they are seldom disagreeable. The tears which are shed are hidden, the sad heart conceals its grief.

Here is where character develops. Remember the words of the rhymers:

“If all the world has gone to pot
And business is on the bum,
A ten-cent grin and a lifted chin,
Help some, my boy, help some!”

The smile and the brave face will carry one over many difficult situations. Do not be too demonstrative. Husband your strength and your nervous force. If you cannot join in the conversation, just think that there are others who cannot do so, for only one is able to speak at once, and there will not be time for all to talk. A dignified silence is better.

Deaf people should avoid being in the dark. They should keep a flashlight within reach. They should not walk alone in the night, or move about alone.

When walking, they should be careful to keep on the left of the road, for in this way they are able to see what is coming in front of them, and step aside. They should not walk on a railroad, it has been called “The Deaf Man’s Highway.”

At street crossings and in crowded streets do not be the first one to cross. Follow the crowd. It is impossible to look in all directions and sometimes there is no traffic officer. Stand still, and then move with others. Do not run or dodge. Do not try to talk or listen when walking on the street with anyone. It is better not to walk with anyone if it can be avoided. Tell your friends you cannot do it. If you are with others, you will be afraid you will not hear what they say, and will find yourself talking against time; or your companion will be talking and you will be obliged to stop and listen, perhaps may have to take out your hearing instrument. Far better is it to say to your friend: “You go on—I will meet you there.” Besides this, if you are talking you become interested in what you are saying and may become careless. Many accidents are caused in this way.

Be careful when entering doors which open towards you, and never stand in front of such a door. You will not hear anyone who is approaching and may have a serious accident. Be careful also about bursting through a door, yourself.

Study to be quiet. Remember that you do not hear noise. Be quiet at table; don't rattle dishes or implements. Ask your friends to warn you about it. Learn to walk quietly. Cultivate an agreeable voice. Watch to see if people are straining to hear you. Do not mumble. Do not shout. Train the speaking voice.

Never turn your back to people and walk away when you are talking or when they are talking. Wait till the conversation is finished.

When walking away from anyone, glance back to be sure no one's calling you. People very often think of something else they want to say, and it is very embarrassing to have them shouting and running after you.

Avoid a stern and brusque manner. A pleasant and kindly bearing helps our friends very much. Especially cultivate sympathy. From not being able to hear the sounds of suffering, deaf people become apparently cold. They cannot sympathize with what they do not know, therefore they should be more than ready to assist when they *can* hear.

Sometimes you will inquire what is being discussed and will find it is something very near your own heart. This is your opportunity to show self-control. Be sure not to give your own opinion. Remember you were not included in the discussion and your opinion was not sought. You have intruded yourself into the conversation and are included as a favor to you. Do not express yourself unless you are invited to do so, and then be very careful. Find out what others have said—and avoid leading a discussion further. It is better to thank your informant and let it pass. If we ask too many times, we shall find that the informant may refuse or may not tell us just what

it is. May even fabricate for our special benefit. When alone with one or two, it is fortunate if one can be ready with a comical little story, but be careful in a large company or you may repeat what already has been said.

It is particularly desirable for deaf people to dress well and be attractive to the eye. It is a pleasure they may enjoy with hearing people. They may be ready with jolly times, picnics and games. They may cultivate out-of-door life. They may have gardens and be generous with their flowers and vegetables. They may learn fine cooking and make nice cakes and candies, and may become very popular in this way. They may be ready with little kindnesses, and they may search for other hard-of-hearing people, and try to add something to *their* lives. As a rule, deaf people avoid other deaf people, and look upon them with aversion, but after a while, it becomes a pleasure to see what others are doing. Do not forget how much pleasure there is in studying pictures and art in art galleries and museums and private collections.

There are a few simple rules of politeness which it is well for deaf people to remember at all times. If they expect their friends to regard these rules they should certainly observe them themselves.

They should avoid speaking of their own peculiarities, whether agreeable ones or otherwise, and should not refer to themselves or to their deafness.

They should never say unpleasant or disagreeable things when it is possible to avoid them. They should beware of fault-finding and also of arguing.

They should not dispute at all, and should avoid always being in the right! As the rule of business is to think "the customer is always right," they should consider hearing people as if they were their customers to whom they wished to sell themselves, and whom they wished to please. When asking for information they should not forget to make a slight

apology; they should remember it is a favor they are asking and the favor will be granted the more easily if it is made agreeable to them to do so.

Be careful to avoid difficult situations. A lady was appointed by her club to attend a conference. It was a luncheon, also. She went to the luncheon at twelve o'clock and remained in her seat till five. She watched the happy people all around her, and she was one of the last ones called upon to make her report for her club. Of the seventy-five or more who reported, she did not hear one word, nor of the leader: no one spoke to her, and from her acute sense of duty she endured the strain. What might have been a pleasure to some one else was, to her, only pain. By all means, we should avoid such situations.

We should have resources in ourselves, and not depend too much upon others. Do not let people think that we must be entertained. Learn not to mind being alone. Learn to be content and happy, with but a small amount of attention. Keep ahead of your friends as much as possible. Learn to do what other people are doing—if it is Bridge—and you enjoy it—play Bridge; if Mah Jong—that also. Enjoy what others are enjoying. “Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.” Rejoice emphatically, and weep enough so that it will be recognized. Hiding our feelings so much as we are obliged to every day and all the time, when we have a good opportunity, let us express them well.

Deaf people never hear the human voice quite naturally. It is bound to be harsh and strained, and more or less unpleasant as it comes to them. For this reason, their friends should be careful to make their *words* pleasant.

We read the words, and can see the expression of your face. If it seems cheerful and kind, we do not mind about how the voice sounds. All the pleasant modulations of the lovely voices of our friends are lost to us; but if there is a snapping, surly or savage tone, it is very penetrating, and an impatient, sarcastic voice never seems to fail to reach us.

A cutting remark cuts twice as deeply with a hard-of-hearing person, as it does with one who can hear.

Some one said to a patient "saint on earth," who was struggling to carry her cross bravely, that hearing people are cruel to deaf people. She did not attempt to deny it, as her eyes filled, but she said, smilingly, "We must be charitable to them. They don't realize!" It was the true spirit of Christ. "Forgive them. They know not what they do!"

Deaf people are very sensitive to vibrations and percussions. During a long illness a lady had occasion to notice this in many ways. She would consider herself alone in the house: suddenly she would notice that a picture hanging on the wall was trembling ever so slightly; it told her that something was moving about, and soon some one came in. She would feel a door slam. She would hear a latch click or a key rattle; this, very distinctly, so much so that she provided a key on a cord to be used for knocking outside her door. She felt every step on the floor of her room, even the lightest footfall, and the least touch of her bed.

She observed shadows and reflections. Her door was of varnished wood, and when opened served as a mirror, which told her when anyone passed in the next room. At her summer house she arranged a long mirror by which she could look from her bed, through a passage way into her kitchen, and watch the processes going on there. She could even read the lips of people who were there, and carry on conversations, and watch people going in and out.

She found that she could telegraph by the use of the radiator at the head of her bed, and with a hammer the knocking could be heard in any part of the house. By means of this she arranged a simple code, and saved many steps for her family.

She became very sensitive to odors, all her senses trying to supply the missing one, and the sense of smell was often very useful. All these little things it is well to remember.

It is never safe to sit with the back to the door. Have your desk arranged so as to see the entrance to the room, and keep your face that way. If there is a window, have the window at your back, and the light at your left. Then, your *caller's* face will be open to you. This gives you a great advantage.

Above all things, cultivate a sense of humor. There is not one thing funny about being deaf. It is not amusing to anyone, but other things *are* funny, and we surely may enjoy these. Josh Billings had the right idea.

From Josh Billings' Old Farmer's Allminax for April, 1875

"Fun iz the cheapest fisick that haz bin diskovered yet, and the eazyest to take. Fun pills are sugar coated, and no change ov diet iz necessary while taking them. A little fun will sum-times go a grate ways. I hav known men to liv to a good old age on one joke, which they managed to tell az often az once a day, and do all the laffing themselves besides that waz done. But there iz lots ov pholks who kant see enny phun in enny thing. Yu couldn't fire a joke into them with a double barrell gun, 10 paces off. They go thru life az sollum az a cow. Menny people think it iz beneath their dignity to relish a joke; sutch people are simply fools, and don't seem to kno it. The Billings family are allwuss on the lookout for fun. It is said ov Dexter Billings, one ov our pristines, that he had to be kept under 500 dollar bonds all the time, to keep him from laffing in church. Ackordin to all ackounts, this Dexter Billings was a cuss. Fun is the pepper and salt ov every day life, and all the really wiz men who hav ever lived hav used it freely for seasoning."

RUSSIAN FABLES

The following fables are Russian versions of well-known stories. They are translated literally from the Russian by Nevill Forbes. The Russian language has no articles, either definite or indefinite, and very few prepositions, but it is amusing to see how well the meaning may be expressed without these small words:

Peasant and Bear

Made-friends bear with peasant, and took-it-into-their-heads they together turnips to sow. Peasant said: For me root and for thee, Michael, top. Grew-up glorious turnips. Peasant took for himself roots, and to Michael gave-up tops. Grumbled a bit, Michael, but to do there was nothing.

On next year says peasant to bear: "let us again together sow." "Let us! only thou for thyself take tops, and to me give up roots," urges Michael. "Right!" answers peasant, "let it be according to thy"—and he sowed wheat. Good wheat came forth: peasant got tops, and Michael roots.

Since those times on the part of bear with peasant also friendship asunder.

Two Peasants

Peasant is carting cartload of hay, and another is coming on to meeting. "Good day!" "Good day!" "And what art carting?" "Wood fuel." "What sort of wood fuel? For with thee hay." "But if thou seest that hay, then why too dost ask?"

Simple-Souled Old Woman

Was driving peasant along big road and perceived old woman who was carrying on back heavy load. Peasant begged her to sit down into cart. Old woman willingly agreed. Drove on they about half-verst, peasant noticed that old woman ever yet was holding load on shoulders. "Why then thou, grannie, not didst place load into cart?"

“Oh, dear my,” answered old woman. “Enough too of that that I myself am sitting in cart, why then burden it further with my load?”

Peasant and Hare

Was going poor peasant across clean field, perceived big hare, rejoiced, and then says: “Behold God me big happiness gives! Shall-just-go-and-steal-up to this hare, shall kill him with stick and shall sell for rouble. On this money shall buy young sow; she will bring me twelve sucking-pigs. Sucking-pigs will grow up and will bring yet at the rate of twelve sucking-pigs each. These sucking-pigs shall kill, meat shall sell, and on forthcoming money shall get married and proper home shall start—that indeed will be living!”

At this peasant so loudly cried out, that hare took fright and ran off.

Two Peasants

Were driving two peasants, one to town, other out of town. They met on narrow road. One cries: “Give road; to me to town to hurry it is necessary!”

And other cries: “Thou give road: to me to home to hurry it is necessary!”

Thus they a long time disputed. This perceived third peasant and said: “To whom to hurry it is necessary, that one draw back!”

THE STORY OF DOCTOR MARIGOLD

Condensed from Charles Dickens

The story of Doctor Marigold was written by Charles Dickens and was used in his readings when he came to this country. It is an affecting story—and describes the condition of the deaf no longer ago than in 1860. By writing as he did there is no doubt that Dickens called attention to the injustice under which they were suffering—and helped materially towards an improvement of their condition. The story is told by a travelling “Cheap Jack,” what we should call a Tin Peddler. He relates his life and what happens to him. He begins by saying that he was named Doctor after the doctor who brought him into the world, and the whole story has a quietly amusing vein of fun. He is a cheerful good fellow and auctions off his wares with a very good temper. He describes his wife: he says she “wasn’t a bad wife, but she had a temper,” and her temper spoils everything. He says “We *might have had* such a pleasant life!” “The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart.” The wife would beat the child in her furies, and he could not prevent it, and it broke his heart.

After a while little Sophy became ill with fever, and turned away from her mother. The poor Doctor held her in his arms, while standing on his cart trying to sell his goods to earn the money they needed so much—and Sophy dies while he is joking and talking. He staggers back into the wagon, his wife says “What’s the matter?” O woman, woman,” I tells her, “You’ll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she’s dead, and has flown away from you!”

The story proceeds, his wife loses her reason and is found in the river, and the Doctor and his dog go on alone. He says that, sometimes he had “dreadful lonely feelings after this and that they got him in private and rolled on him.”

One day he became acquainted with a travelling giant. His name was "Pickleson, although called Rinaldo di Velasco." The giant told him that his life was made a burden to him by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. "Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard."

When Doctor hears this and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long hair and was often pulled down by it and beaten, he is ready to weep. He goes and finds her leaning up against a muddy cart-wheel, much neglected and uncared for. He buys her from her master for a pair of braces and takes her away with him.

"It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart." He names her after his own little daughter. "We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind to her," and the lonely feelings that got him down and rolled on him before now passed away. He begins to teach her the names of things, in much the same way as Hellen Keller began. He makes the large letters spell words like CART, and then chawks the name on the cart. He spells DOCTOR MARIGOLD and hangs the card around his neck. She caught the idea after long patience and trouble; they made up many signs and she proved very intelligent.

When she was about sixteen he began to feel that he had not done his whole duty by her, so he took her to London to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment. Here they make a good friend of the gentleman in charge. The gentleman is astonished to see how much he has taught her. "This is very extraordinary," says the gentleman. "Is it possible you have been her only teacher? Then, you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." The gentleman asks him what he wants her to know, to which Doctor Marigold responds, "I want her, sir, to be *cut off from the world* as little as can be considering her deprivations."

He leaves her at the school for two years. He is lonely, but

not so lonely as before, and those feelings do not roll on him as they used to. He goes over the country and he sings to himself:

“North and South and West and East,
Wind’s liked best and winds liked least,
Here and there and gone astray,
Over the hills and far away.”

After the two years she comes back to him. He has built a second cart on purpose for her, and lined it with books. He has made a book for her called “Doctor Marigold’s Prescriptions,” full of his quaint ideas and philosophy, and they begin to be happy together again.

But one night he happens to meet the good-natured giant, “Pickleson by name, called Rinaldo di Velasco.” He tells the giant all about his good fortune and how happy they are now going to be. Doctor had felt so much obligation to Pickleson that he had put him down in his will for a five-pound note, but on this night to save trouble he gives him “four punten” down, to settle the matter.

This makes them both very happy. But the giant says to him, “Doctor Marigold, who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?” This puts the Doctor out of sorts. He watches and finds that there *is* a strange young man hanging about the carts every night. “I sent a hail after him; but he never started nor looked round, nor took the smallest notice.”

He discovers that the young man is also deaf and dumb; he infers that she has become acquainted with the young man at her school, and he says to himself, “If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?”

The good man, however, determines to find out what her feelings are. He finds her crying. He says—

“You have been crying, my dear.”

“Yes, Father.”

“Why?”

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, Father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She takes up his book of Prescriptions, but he said:

"The prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and I said "Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life."

Sophy marries the young man and they go away to China. They are gone for five years. Many letters pass between them; a little daughter is born. He hints a question about the child, whether she can hear, but Sophy does not answer, so he concludes the worst. Finally, one Christmas, he jogs up to London, to make himself comfortable for the holiday in Sophy's special cart. He describes the Christmas-eve dinner he prepares for himself.

"I knocked up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. Its a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat."

As he sits there before the fire, half dozing, he thinks Sophy is by him; he thinks he hears a child's step on the stair by the cart. He thinks it is the ghost of his own little child.

But a real child opens the door and looks in, a real child with large dark eyes.

"Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips and said in a pretty voice, "Grandfather!"

"Ah my God!" I cried out. "She can speak!"

"In a moment Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a-wringing my hand, with his face

hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs I had first taught her mother, the happy yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face."

WINTER'S TURNING

By AMY LOWELL

[By permission of the author and of Houghton Mifflin Co., Publishers]

Snow is still on the ground,
But there is a golden brightness in the air.

Across the river,
Blue,
Blue,
Sweeping widely under the arches
Of many bridges,
Is a spire and a dome,
Clear as though ringed with ice flakes,
Golden and pink and jocund.

On a near-by steeple,
A golden weather cock flashes smartly,
His open beak "Cock-a-doodle-dooing,"
Straight at the ear of Heaven.

A tall apartment house,
Crocus-coloured,
Thrusts up from the street
Like a new-sprung flower.

Another street is edged and patterned
With the bloom of bricks,
Houses and houses of rose-red bricks,
Every window a-glitter.

The city is a parterre,
Blowing and glowing,
A-light with the wind,
Washed over with gold and mercury.

Let us throw up our hats,
For we are past the age of balls
And have none handy.

Let us take hold of hands,
And race along the sidewalks.
Let us whir with the golden spoke-wheels
Of the sun.

For to-morrow Winter drops into the waste-basket,
And the calendar calls it March.

For purposes of study, this beautiful poem has been spaced into phrases, each phrase making a picture by itself.

We can enjoy this poem especially because we do not have to *hear* anything. All is quiet. There is no rushing or roaring—or pounding. Even the river only sweeps. We do not have to imagine a noise for there is none—and yet we can enjoy it. The words are definite, short and expressive; the pictures which the phrases make are natural ones. The first phrase shows the brown earth with patches of white snow and with yellow sunshine in the early morning light; the second the blue river flowing quietly along under dark shadowy bridges. By the river are churches and domes, all shining in the morning light which is so clear and sparkling a touch of pink is given in the distance.

We are up high, and as we stand gazing over this landscape and looking down on the street we see yellow blocks of houses full of bright windows, and we see the red of the bricks in the sidewalks. There is a suggestion of tulips—red and yellow tulips and yellow jonquils blowing about in the bright air, for the city is called a flower garden. Everything is shining with gold. The poem breathes an air of expectancy, of something good which is coming or which has come. The weather cock

is crowing about it. He opens his mouth and shouts it out to the world, yet he is making no sound! Everything is shining, glistening, and prophesying of some great thing which is going to happen.

We are so happy about it that we want to run; we want to play with balls and balloons; we want to join with the sun and ride around with him: because to-morrow it is coming, the long-awaited-for turning of winter—the coming of Spring.

For a Sun-dial

Shadow and sun, so too our lives are made,
Think how great the sun, how small the shade.

Watch and Pray,
Time steals away.

While you have time, do good.

No shadow without sun.

Make time save time.

HIDE AND SEEK

By WILKIE COLLINS

This is a very interesting study of the development of a little deaf girl who is found by the side of the road with her dying mother. She is only a month old and her mother dies without telling who she is or her name. She says that the baby's name is Mary and leaves nothing by which she could be traced but a beautiful hair bracelet set in gold with two initials on it.

The baby is adopted by a clown in a circus and his wife, Mrs. Peckover. They become very fond of the child, who grows to be wonderfully beautiful, is very bright and witty, and learns to do little card tricks to amuse the audiences. She learns to assist the bare-back rider and is passionately fond of it, but one day there is an accident, the rider falls, little Mary slips out of his hand and is nearly killed. This happens when Mary is about seven years old. She recovers from her accident, but has lost her hearing and also her throat is paralyzed so that she can only speak with great effort. She gives up trying to speak and so becomes actually deaf and dumb, but she retains her happy, cheerful disposition, and returns to her little arts in the circus, being advertised as "The Mysterious Foundling! Aged ten years!! Totally deaf and dumb!!!" While here she is found by a middle-aged man, who is an artist, and is much attracted by her beautiful face and manner. He takes her attention while she is performing one of her tricks so that she makes a mistake and he overhears her scream as the brutal manager of the circus is beating her when she goes behind the curtain. From this the artist introduces himself behind the scenes, interviews Peckover, and makes her promise to bring the child to the Rectory the next day; which she does.

In a short time the artist has adopted her into his family.

His wife, being a confirmed invalid, is as much pleased with the child as he is, and Little Mary becomes their own. From her resemblance to one of Raphael's Madonnas she is called "Madonna," and as that really means "My lady," it becomes her name.

The story goes on, and after a while, when she is 23 years old, her family is discovered through the medium of the hair bracelet.

What interests us particularly is the development of the character of Madonna after losing her hearing. The author considers this as the first attempt in English fiction to portray this character. Probably he was familiar with the French story of "Pierre et Camille," which has been told in this volume. He says, in a footnote, "I know of nothing which more firmly supports our faith in the better parts of human nature than to see with what patience and cheerfulness the heavier bodily afflictions of humanity are borne by those afflicted; and also to note what elements of kindness and gentleness the sight of these afflictions develops in the persons of the little circle by which the sufferer is surrounded. Here is the ever bright side, the ever noble and consoling aspect of all human calamity."

The child brought fresh life into her new home. Here were two chief members of one little family circle, afflicted by such incurable bodily calamity as it falls to the lot of but few human beings to suffer, but life here was still greater than its greatest trials; strong to conquer by its self-sacrificing devotion to the happiness and anxieties of others."

Little Madonna is educated in the manual art of conversing with the fingers and had already learned to read and write before her accident. She learned to draw, paint and to love Nature; she had a gift for drollery and for entertaining and could imitate everything she saw, so that her family were often laughing at her sallies. Her only fear was of being alone in the dark, and this was a real terror. She says: "You, who can

hear, have a sense to serve you, instead of sight, in the dark. I hear nothing, and see nothing. I lose all my senses together in the dark."

The author has woven this fear into one of the best scenes in the book, where the robber is caught stealing the hair bracelet, and Madonna comes into the dark room carrying a lighted candle. She does not see him or hear him, and the robber who is really her uncle, steals close enough to blow out her candle, and she becomes helpless.

The story was first published in 1861. Later a new edition was dedicated to the American People in 1873, and published by Harper Brothers.

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul
Peals out a cheerful song,
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

R. W. Emerson.

“EAVESDROPPING”

After we have obtained a knowledge of lip-reading, we are saved from that awful feeling of helplessness and incapacity which formerly possessed us. We no longer hesitate to ask questions; we seek to do it, and it becomes a very interesting and amusing game. We no longer have to fight the world's battles unarmed; we have been through the School of Hard Knocks and we know how to receive them and also we know how to give them! We are armed with a good strong weapon, which even to be *suspected* of carrying, strikes fear. No longer need we shrink and cringe and hide. We stand erect, emancipated and unafraid.

We shall not mind when we see people say “She is deaf,” for we shall see them add, “but she reads the lips.” If by any chance we see them also add, “She reads everything; you must look out,” we only *hope* it is true, and dismiss it with a smile.

When we see them covering their lips with the hand or turning their faces away from us, we may laugh to ourselves and rejoice that they think we can read so well.

Then comes the question of eavesdropping. It is a fine question—one to be decided often. Are we justified in trying to follow everything which is said before us? Shall we read only that which is addressed to us directly? Are we eavesdropping when we strive to read everything? I say “No.” If we were trying to learn a foreign language and living in a foreign country we should not hesitate to read everything we came across. How are we to know that it is something not intended for us? Everything is grist that comes to our mill. If you are rude enough to be saying something before us which you do not want us to understand—so much the worse for you, if we do understand it! Perhaps you won't make that mistake again.

Therefore to the lip-reader we say, “Let us pass through the world with our eyes very wide open. Do not hesitate to be

disagreeable if necessary. Read—read all you can. Deaf people and their ear trumpets have been a subject for ridicule long enough. At last we have a weapon. Let us use it, use it all the time, and at every time that we have the opportunity.”

A TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST PART OF THE KORAN

In the Name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!

Praise be to Allah, Who the three worlds made!

The Merciful, the Compassionate!

The King of the Day of Fate!

Thee alone do we worship and of Thee alone do we ask aid!

Guide us to the path that is straight—

The path of those to whom thy love is great,

Not those on whom is hate,

Nor they that deviate. Amen.

THE DEAFENED ADULT IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH

The majority of deafened persons sooner or later discontinue church going; and this is a real loss, not only to themselves, but to the Church, and to their better natures. It is certainly discouraging and depressing to sit quietly through a fifteen minutes' prayer or a forty minutes' sermon, to feel that all the others are listening to something they enjoy while we are shut out, and after such an experience one may be too exhausted nervously to attempt it again.

Perhaps the imagination has something to do with what we suffer. We are apt to pity ourselves as we sit there, and to imagine that we are losing more than we really are. Good sermons and good prayers are printed in many books and papers, and we are able to read them at home, so we sometimes think it is just as well to do that, and let the attendance at Church go. But how many sermons and prayers do we read at home, I should like to know; or whose sermons do we read? Not attending Church means so much that we ought to try to contrive some way to keep up our connections there, if possible.

Is the sermon all there is which we can enjoy? We go to Church for a purpose, which is to give God service, to show our regard and love for Him, and to place ourselves in the ranks of God-fearing and religious people. If what we are required to do for Him is something which at times approaches the service given by the martyrs, even so we can give it, and the reward given to martyrs is sure—a Crown of Life.

We often see the members of the Roman Catholic Church hurrying long distances, in all weathers, early and late, on their way to the Church. They do not go to be entertained or amused. They do not go because they will enjoy it. They go to say their prayers and worship God. Why should we not do the same? We see the Quakers at their long "meetings" where not a word is spoken; where there is no music and no

beauty of service. They value and love their religious service, because it brings them nearer to God. They do not consider it a hardship to sit quietly in silence, but listen the better to the "Inner Light."

The religious pilgrims who visit the sacred shrines in Jerusalem and in the East, who lie down at full length and measure the distances around these places with their bodies, repeating prayers continually with groans and tears and sighs, are not being entertained or amused, but are in their own way seeking God.

"Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

If we really desire to attend Church, deafness need not prevent.

We have at first to consider how many people there are who *can* hear, and yet do not go to church, so that if we do not hear a word, we are not losing any more than if we were not there.

Then, we may remember how often the majority of people listen to a sermon, and forget it before they are out of the Church. If we ask them what was said or what was the text they know no more about it than we do, so we really lose no more than they; for if we can't remember a thing it is lost to us, and we might as well not have heard it.

Let us not speak of those unhappy souls who are always criticizing the sermon or the minister, for we are saved from such a temptation which might beset us. *Any* sermon of any kind, if we could hear it, would be a good one to us.

But one who is studying lip reading earnestly and with a determination to conquer the ills of loss of hearing, may find in the service at Church much benefit, and after a while, pleasure. We may not hear the music, although the majority of deafened adults are able to follow the hymns, but by reading

the lips of the singers and following the words in the hymn book, one has the finest lip reading practice in the world. It is invaluable. This alone would be worth while to the speech reader. Sometimes there are five hymns in the service, and sometimes there are whole services of song. We should not neglect such opportunities. Then, selections from the psalms are read with responsive reading, and the Litany. Here is a fine opportunity to read the lips with the people we see around us. Let us not sit too far in front, but sit where we can watch the choir and the lips of people in the audience. The old fashioned wing pews, which are found in some churches, are especially good for lip reading.

We have often wondered why we cannot follow the words of the minister. One particular reason is that the pulpit is so much elevated that we do not see the lips in their usual position. The teacher of lip-reading is always on a level with the pupil, sitting or standing directly in front, so that we are able to see her lips naturally, and watch the muscles around the mouth and lower jaw. This is an impossibility when the speaker is above our heads.

Also, the eyes soon weary of being raised to such a level, and refuse to function, as they are obliged to in reading the lips. They droop and wander, and it becomes too much of an effort for us to follow the speaker.

Then, the light which is used in Churches is very variable. "A dim, religious light," will never do for the lip reader and even if the light be sufficiently bright, in such large buildings, there are many conflicting shadows, so that the speaker's lips may be greatly obscured.

Also, in some Churches, there may be a window, back of the pulpit, or near enough to cause the eyes to weary from the strain. All these things act adversely upon the lip reader.

But another greater reason why we cannot follow sermons, lectures, and addresses, is because *we have not learned their language*.

We study lip reading with the simplest words and phrases, even with syllables, while public speakers use the language of scholars and writers, and highly educated people. Where lip-readers would be taught to follow such a phrase as this:— ‘Mothers should train their children to do right.’ Daniel Webster would say, “It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government.” This sounds a little ridiculous, but it is the best English, and we should learn to read it, if we wish to follow it.

There is no other way. Fortunate it is for us, that after studying short words and syllables faithfully, long words are much easier for us than short ones. If we have a favorite minister or public speaker whom we may often hear, we shall find him very helpful if we let him know our needs. Ministers are so kind; they only wish to be of service. They will lend you a sermon occasionally to read and study, so that you may acquire a knowledge of the vocabulary usually found in their work, and this helps immensely.

To be able to understand one phrase, only one good sentence, will make the whole week happier. To quote the words of good Dr. Vernon: “What does the Church do for you? It takes you into its care when you are born. It follows you all your life, in sickness, in health, in adversity, in prosperity, and at the end it takes you in its arms and carries you to Heaven. What do you do for the Church?”

“Is it not told, hast thou not understood
That through all change, all suffering, all strife,
The world moves ever toward some final good
In richer forms, and more abundant life?
For lo, the scroll, unrolling, comes alone
From out His hand, who sits upon the throne!”

Samuel Valentine Cole.

“DEAF, TOO!”

Deafness wears many aspects. To some it comes creeping slowly and unnoticed until it is upon them “ere they are aware.” To others, it comes like a thunder clap out of a clear sky, surrounding, enveloping and crushing. This is what has made life so hard for our young soldiers who became deaf from shell shock, gas, or sudden illness. They were so helpless it required a long time for them to adjust themselves to the loss of the sense of hearing.

With *progressive* deafness there is time to prepare, time to adjust the burden to the sad heart which is to bear the heavy load.

The story is told of a very brave man, who knew that he was going to lose his sight. He was given one year, and then it would be total. One cannot imagine a worse situation! But he called to his aid great courage. He prepared a campaign in which he could fight the evil to come. Thinking over what he most wished to see, he began to travel. All the great cities of the world he visited; all the noble works of art, all the beautiful pictures, all the great rivers, mountains, and natural scenery, he studied them all with his failing sight. All the noted people, all the great of the world, he placed in the wonderful picture gallery of his mind. Then one day, when he was out on a stream, with fishing rod and line, he saw the black veil come up over his eyes, never to be lowered. But blindness had lost its terrors: he had *fitted* himself for it. He had faced it and conquered it. He had a storehouse full of beautiful memories.

Many people who become deaf after having had their hearing a long time seem to think that it is useless to try to remember what sound is like; they stop listening even with the hearing which remains. This is a pity.

Miss Sullivan, who was Helen Keller’s teacher, says: “Everything we have seen and heard is in the mind somewhere. It may be too vague and confused to be recognizable, but it is there

all the same, like the landscape we lose in the deepening twilight."

If this is true, is it not well for us to store our memories with all the good music, all the pleasant sounds we may? If Hamlet, with his "mind's eye," could see supernatural things, we may, with our inner ear, still enjoy what we will.

John Keats, in his beautiful poem, says:

"Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter;
Therefore ye soft pipes—play on,—
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared
Pipe to the spirit, ditties of no tone."

We know very well that there *is* an inner ear, a way of reaching the mind without the aid of the external ear. If the blind man is able to see pictures, we are able to hear music. Beethoven is the best known example of the deaf musician; he heard his wonderful harmonies without an instrument, and with his perseverance he was able to transcribe them and give them to the world.

One of the performers at an entertainment given at a lip-reading school sang "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt." She sang the words so plainly and with so much expression that it was very much enjoyed by every one. They were surprised to learn afterwards that she sang without making a sound! The question then was, "What did they enjoy?" They enjoyed the sentiment of the words, the memory of other times when they had heard it and they enjoyed the *music* which they could hear with the inner ear. If Beethoven could carry all those intricate harmonies in his mind, hearing so many different instruments at once, it would be strange if we could not carry a simple melody like "Ben Bolt."

A young lady was once travelling in a foreign country. She was to play a certain piece of music at a concert on her arrival

at a certain city. She had the music with her, but it was new to her, and she had never played it. She began to study it by playing it over and over to herself on the train; she committed it entirely to memory, so that when the time came she was ready to play it and without the notes. This is an example of what may be accomplished even without the sense of hearing.

The study of the words of songs is in itself a pleasure, and leads directly to the study of poetry, which is a never-failing source of pleasure, and to

“All lovely tales that we have heard or read,
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven’s brink.”

“Of making many books there is no end,” and there cannot be too many for the deaf individual. Where the blind man’s reading must be limited to books printed especially for him the deaf man is able to read all.

Sometimes deafness does not seem so bad. Many cases are known where a person is old, or ill, or partly paralyzed, or crippled, and we pity him, and then we hear “Yes, and he is deaf, too.” “Deaf, too!” The deafness is a side affair. It is nothing. He could easily bear that, if that were all! Because he does not suffer pain with it, it seems nothing. Where to us it is the most absorbing thing in life, can we not look at it in this way “Deaf, too!” and be thankful that loss of hearing is all we have to bear?

In the *American Magazine* for June, 1923, Mr. William Johnston had a very brave article entitled, “The Luck of Being Lame.” His experience coincides with what deaf people meet, and he makes out a very good case. He states that a handicap such as lameness or deafness may be a blessing in disguise. He states that the dictionaries define a handicap as being “an *extra burden* placed upon a *superior* contender to make the chances more equal.”

Looked at in this way deafness is intended to make the race easier for the "other fellow," as otherwise we might get too far ahead of him.

Mr. Johnston gives a number of points which it is well for all deaf people to consider and prove for themselves. First, he says, that *a handicap strengthens the character*. Second, *a handicap reveals the kind side of other people*. He goes on to tell some of the many kindnesses which he is receiving all the time on account of his handicap, instances which I am sure every deaf person might duplicate.

He says, third, *a handicap demonstrates the body's adaptability*; this is especially true for deaf people in the way the eyes assist the ears in reading the lips.

He says, fourth, *a handicap is an incentive to effort* and the final point he makes is that *a handicap adds to happiness*.

This last statement seems almost incredible, but the writer proves it by saying that a handicap never really interferes with anything one wants to do, for it teaches him to adapt his wants to the things he can do.

In the story of Doctor Marigold given in this book, it will be observed that when the manager of the Deaf and Dumb Establishment asks Doctor what he wants Sophie to be taught, he replies, "*I want her, sir, to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivation.*"

The story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, who was the father of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the musician, that after he had found the young lady whom he desired for his wife, she could not accept him because he was deformed, he was a hunch back. He was very highly educated, and had every good quality, and she admired his character but could not bear to be with him. Her father informed him of this fact and of the reason for it. The Rabbi, as he was called, on account of his great learning, asked that he might see her, and he "went and sat down by the young lady, who was sewing. They conversed in a most friend-

ly manner, but the girl never raised her eyes from her work and avoided looking at him.

At last when he had cleverly turned the conversation in that direction she asked him, "Do you believe, then, that marriages are made in heaven?" "Yes, indeed," said he, "and something especially wonderful happened to me! At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven, He shall marry such and such a one. When I was born, my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said, 'Alas! She will have a dreadful hump back.'"

"O God," I said then, "a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the hump back, and let the maiden be well and agreeable."

Scarcely had Moses Mendelssohn finished speaking, when the girl threw herself upon his neck. She afterwards became his wife, they lived happily together, and had good and handsome children whose descendants are still living.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

R. W. Emerson.

COUP DE GRACE

I am moving about the world in a circle of curious silence ;
My lips and my heart and my hands feel pulseless and numb
and still ;

It is done, the sound in my ears of the horrible crash and
breaking,

When the towers of my faith fell headlong, shattered, from
their hill ;

The people stare as I pass with my icy peace around me—
Can they see them, the shards I see, that were towers of rose
and gold ?

Do they turn because of my eyes fixed wide on a place of
ruin,

As I pass them, speaking and moving from my circle of far-
off cold ?

I suppose I shall presently wake to the pain of the wounds I was
given

When my life lay crushed in the ruins that last night were so
strong and high. . . .

But now for a merciful space there is only the cold. . . . and
the silence. . . .

And nothing left more to break—and nothing left more to die.

—Margaret Wildermere in "*The Wanderer*."

RIP-RIP

The Spanish Story of Rip Van Winkle

Translated from the Spanish of Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera

This story I am going to tell you I do not know to be true, for I did not witness it myself, but I believe that it really happened.

What wonderful things come into the mind when the eyelids close! It seems impossible that we should vision so many people and so many things! The mind is like a señora, when the eyelids close, who in closing her balcony enters into the room to see what may be in the house.

Very well, then, this house of mine, this house of the glancing señora which I have, or that has me, is a palace, it is a country seat, it is a city, it is a world, it is a universe; but a universe in which the present, the past, and the future are always face to face. In order to judge about what I see when I am sleeping, think for me, my readers, or even for yourselves.

Oh, what things the blind must see! Those whose eyes always are sleeping. What must they imagine! Love is blind, according to the story; and love is the only thing which shall see God.

From whence is the legend of Rip-Rip? I have heard that Washington Irving has gathered it together in order to give it a literary form in some of his books. I know that there is a comic opera with this title and with the same argument. But I have not read the story of the North American novelist and historian, neither have I heard the opera.

But I have seen Rip-Rip!

If it were not a sinful supposition, I would say that Rip-Rip was the son of the monk, Alfeo. That monk who was a German, slow, phlegmatic, and even, I presume, somewhat deaf;

he who passed one hundred years, without knowing it, listening to the song of a bird.

But Rip-Rip was more of a Yankee, less affected by music, and more a whiskey toper; he slept during many years.

Rip-Rip, as I tell you, slept, I do not know why, in some cave he had entered, who knows for what. But he did not sleep so long as the Rip-Rip of the legend. I believe that he slept ten years—perhaps five—perhaps one—at any rate, his sleep was short enough; he slept badly. But the idea is that he grew old sleeping, for this happens to those who sleep too much. And as Rip-Rip had no watch, and even if he had had one, he could not have wound it every twenty-four hours; and as calendars had not then been invented, and as in the woods there are no mirrors, Rip-Rip could not keep any account of the hours, the days or the months that passed while he slept; neither could he be aware that he had become an old man.

It always happens so: a long time before one himself realizes that he is growing old, others know it and speak of it.

Rip-Rip, yet somewhat drowsy, and feeling a little ashamed at having spent a whole night away from home—he who was such a trusting and sensible husband—said to himself, not without a slight feeling of dread;—Let us go home!

And thither goes Rip-Rip, with a beard very gray (that he thinks is very red), crossing with much trouble some narrow and almost inaccessible pathways. His knees tremble, but he says—It is the result of my sleeping so much. But no! it was the effect of old age, which had crept upon him while he slept.

And so, walking along, walking along, poor Rip pondered to himself: My poor wife! My poor little wife! How alarmed she must be! I will not tell her what has passed. I must tell her I was ill, very ill. The day is beginning—it is now dawning, which means that I have passed a day and a night away from my home. But what did I do? I had not been to the tavern—I did not drink anything—without doubt some kind

of illness surprised me in the mountain and I lost my senses in the cave. She would be looking everywhere for me . . . why not, if she loves me so much, and is so good? She has not been able to sleep. . . . She would be weeping. . . . And how hard for her to come alone, in the night, over this rough road! But alone? No, she would not have to come alone. They like me very well in the town there, I have so many friends . . . chiefly there is Juan, the miller. Surely, when such affliction came to her, everyone would be willing to help her hunt for me. . . . Juan principally. But there would be the little one? and my boy? Would she carry them with her? At such an hour? In this cold? It might be so; because she loves me so much, and loves her children so much and loves both of us so much, that she could not leave them alone, nor cease to look for me. What imprudence! She would hurt herself! Well, the first thing she—but which is it? . . . and Rip-Rip walked along and walked along—and could not run.

He arrived at last at the town, which seemed much the same, although it was not the same. The tower of the parish church appeared to him to be whiter; the house of the magistrate seemed higher; the principal shop had another door, and the men that he saw seemed to have different faces. Was he still half asleep? Was he yet ill?

The first friend he met was the señor, the parish priest. It was he, with his green umbrella, with his high hat, that was the highest of all in the neighborhood; with his breviary, always closed; with his long coat always worn like a cassock.

“Señor cura good day,” said Rip-Rip, touching his cap.

“Pardon me if I do not give you anything, my son,” replied the priest.

“I was not to blame, Señor cura. I had not been drinking—I had done nothing wrong. My poor little wife——”

“I have told you already I have nothing to give you.” said

the priest. "And you better walk along to some other part of the town, for here they have plenty of beggars."

Beggars! Why should the priest speak like that? He had never asked for charity. He had not given to the church, because he never had any money. He did not assist at the sermons in Lent because he worked all the time then from morning till night. But he went to the seven o'clock mass all the days of the *fiesta*, and went to confession, and took his communion every year. It was not right for the priest to treat him with such contempt—It was not right!

And he began to go along without saying anything, because he felt a disposition to thrash him, even if it was the priest.

With a quicker step, Rip-Rip continued on his way. Fortunately the house was very near. Already he saw the light from the windows. And as the door was farther away than the windows, he approached the first window, in order to call out, in order to shout to Luz, his wife—*Here I am! Don't cry any more!*

It was not necessary that he should shout. The window was open. Luz sat sewing very tranquilly, and at the moment in which Rip-Rip began to call, Juan—Juan, he of the mill, was kissing her upon the lips!

"You have returned soon, my dear little son," she said to Juan, smiling.

Rip-Rip felt everything turning red around him. "Miserable wretch! . . . Miserable wretch!" he exclaimed, and staggering like a drunken man or like a very old man, he entered into the house. He wished to kill, but he was so weak that upon entering the room in which they were talking, he fell to the floor.

He could not rise, he could not speak; but yet he was able to keep his eyes open, very wide open and to see how his adulterous wife and his traitorous friend paled with fright.

They were very pale. A stifled groan came from his wife—the same kind of a groan poor Rip had heard when a thief

entered the house once—and then, the arms of Juan embraced him, but not to throttle him, but pityingly, charitably, in order to help him to rise from the floor.

Rip-Rip would have given his life, his soul even for the strength to speak a word, a blasphemy! “He is not drunk, Lucia, he is ill.” And Lucia, although yet frightened, came closer to the unknown vagabond. “Poor old man! What is the matter with him? Perhaps he came to ask for alms, and has fainted from hunger.” “But if we give him much to eat it might do him harm. I will carry him first to my bed.”

“No, not to your bed, for he is very dirty and wretched. I will call the servant and you and he can carry him to the inn.”

A little girl entered at this moment: she exclaimed “Mamá! Mamá!”

“Do not be frightened, my life, it is only a poor old man.”

“How ugly he is, mamá! What a fright! He is like a ‘coco.’ ”

And Rip listened and heard everything!

He saw also; but he was not certain about what he saw. This little room was just the same—his own little room. In this arm-chair, made of wood and leather, he had often seated himself when he returned home weary, after having sold the wheat from his little piece of land to the mill where Juan was the manager. These curtains at the windows were his extravagance. He had bought them at the cost of much saving and much sacrifice. Here was Juan; here, Luz, but they were not the same. And the little one was not the little one any longer!

Could he have died? Was he insane? But he knew that he was alive! He listened—he stared—as one hears and sees in a nightmare.

They carried him to the inn, on their shoulders, and left him there because the little girl was afraid of him. And Lucia went away with Juan—and no one wondered that they went

away arm in arm, or thought that she should leave her husband for this poor wretch, half dead.

And he could not move, could not cry out, to say *I am Rip!*

At last, after many hours which seemed many years, or perhaps like centuries, he could speak. But no one knew him, no one wished to know him!

"The disgraceful fellow! He is a fool," said the pharmacist.

"We ought to take him to the magistrate; he might become furious," said another.

"Yes, that is true; we could bind him if he resists." And they began to try to tie him; but grief and anger had restored his strength to poor Rip. Like a mad dog, he attacked his persecutors, succeeded in freeing himself from their arms, and breaking into a run, he started towards his house—he went to kill! But the mob followed him, they surrounded him. It was like a hunting party and he was himself the wild and hunted animal.

The desire to save himself now overcame everything. His first wish was to get out of the city, to gain the mountain, to hide himself there and return later with the night, in order to avenge himself and do justice.

He succeeded at last in deceiving his persecutors. There goes Rip like a hungry wolf! There he goes to hide in the thickest woods. He was very thirsty, so thirsty he felt as if he were burning and he went directly to the spring—to drink—to sink into the water, to beat it with his arms, perhaps, perhaps to drown.

He approached the brook and there, upon the surface. Death seemed to receive him. Yes; it surely was Death, in the figure of a decrepit old man, which was reflected in the crystal of the water. Without doubt this terrible livid spectre had come to him. It was not flesh and bone certainly; it was not a man, surely, for it moved at the same time that Rip moved, and its motion did not disturb the water. It was not a corpse,

for its hands twisted and untwisted. But it was not Rip!; no it surely was not he! It seemed like one of his own grandfathers, who had appeared to him to take him away to his dead father. But my own shadow?—reasoned Rip—why does not my own body reflect in this surface? Why is it that I do not see any other person and why is it that when I shout, the echo of these mountains repeats only my own voice and not that of some unknown person?

And Rip went to look for himself in the bosom of the waters! And the poor man must surely have found his dead father, for Rip has not returned.

* * * * * *

Do you think that this is an extravagant dream? I have seen Rip very poor; I have seen him rich; I have beheld him young and also old; occasionally in the hut of a woodsman, at times in a house whose windows are draped with white curtains; now seated in a chair of wood and leather, now upon a sofa of ebony and satin—it was not only one man, there were many men, perhaps all men. I cannot explain to myself why Rip was unable to speak; nor why his wife and friend did not recognize him in spite of his looking so very old; nor why, before he escaped from the mob, did they propose to tie him as if he were insane, nor do I know how many years he had lain unconscious in that cave. . . .

How long did he sleep? How long a time is it necessary for those whom we love and who love us to forget us? Is it a fault to forget? Those who forget are they wicked? Just see how good were Lucia and Juan when they hastened to assist poor Rip who was so helpless.

The little girl was frightened of course, but we could not blame her; she did not remember her father. All were innocent, all were well-meaning . . . but nevertheless it was terribly sad.

Jesus the Nazarene was right in raising only one man from

the dead, and that one a man who had no children, and had only just died. Surely it is well, to pile a great deal of earth upon graves.

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“Thou whom these eyes saw never! Say friends true
Who say my soul, helped onward by my song,
Though all unwittingly, has helped thee, too?
I gave of but the little that I knew;
How were the gift requited, while along
Life’s path I pace, could’st thou make weakness strong!
Help me with Knowledge—for Life’s Old—Death’s New!

—*Robert Browning*

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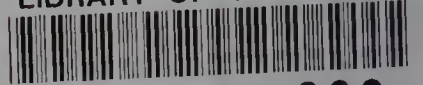
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